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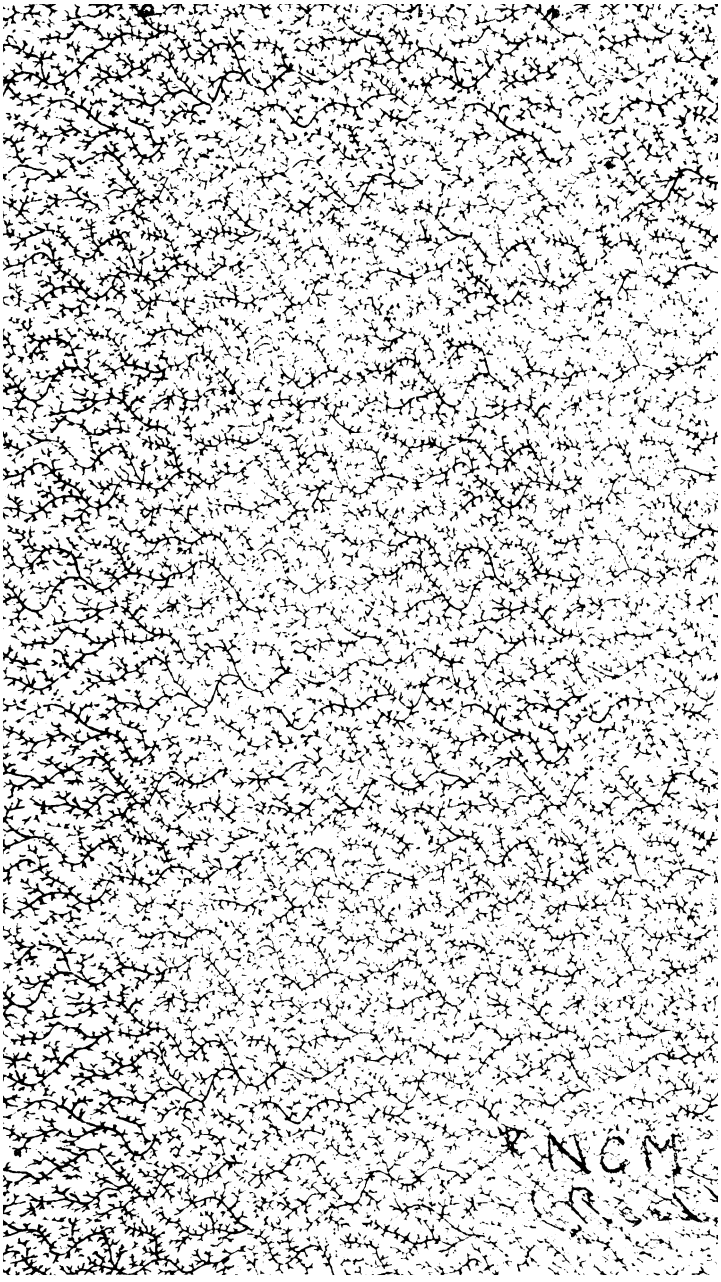
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THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

IN NINE VOLUMES.

WITH

THE CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

DR. JOHNSON, G. STEEVENS, AND OTHERS,

REVISED

BY ISAAC REED.

THIRD BOSTON,

FROM THE FIFTH LONDON EDITION.

VOL. II.

Time, which is continually washing away the dissoluble Fabricks of other Poets, passes without Injury by the *Adamant* of Shakspeare. *Dr. Johnson's Preface.*

BOSTON:

PRINTED BY MUNROE, FRANCIS & PARKER, FOR THEMSELVES; EZRA SARGEANT, NEW-YORK; AND HOPKINS & EARLE, PHILADELPHIA.

1810.

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VOLUME II.

OF

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

Containing

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

COPIED FROM THE TEXT OF DR. REED.

WITH NOTES BY JOHNSON, STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.

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MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT II. Scene VII.

Portia. Now make your choice.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE reader will find an epitome of the novel, from which the story of this play is supposed to be taken, at the conclusion of the notes. It should however be remembered, that if our poet was at all indebted to the Italian novelists, it must have been through the medium of some old translation, which has hitherto escaped the researches of his most industrious editors.

It appears from a passage in Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, &c. 1579, that a play, comprehending the distinct plots of this, had been exhibited before Shakspeare's, viz. "The Jew shown at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly Choosers, and the bloody Minds of Usurers." "These plays, says Gosson, (for he mentions others with it) are goode and sweete playes, &c." It is therefore not improbable that Shakspeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop silently into oblivion. STEEVENS.

Of *The Merchant of Venice* the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comick part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his Spanish Friar, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play.

JOHNSON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Venice.
Prince of Morocco, } *suitors to Portia.*
Prince of Arragon, }
ANTONIO, *the merchant of Venice :*
BASSANIO, *his friend.*
SALANIO, }
SALARINO, } *friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
GRATIANO, }
LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*
SHYLOCK, *a Jew :*
TUBAL, *a Jew, his friend.*
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a clown, servant to Shylock.*
Old GOBBO, *father to Launcelot.*
SALERIO, *a messenger from Venice.*
LEONARDO, *servant to Bassanio.*
BALTHAZAR, } *servants to Portia.*
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*
NERISSA, *her waiting-maid.*
JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock.*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE—partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the continent.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Street. Enter* ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Antonio.

IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;
It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
There, where your argosies[1] with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
Or, as it were the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sala. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass,[2] to know where sits the wind ;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads ;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.

[1] *Argosies*—A name given in our author's time to ships of great burthen, probably galleons, such as the Spaniards use in their West India trade. JOH.

[2] By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found.——" This way I used in shooting. Betwixt the markes was an open place, there I take a fethere, or a *lyttle light grasse*, and so learned how the wind stood." *Ascham.* JOHNSON

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew[3] dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But, tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sala. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Sala. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,[4]
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar-aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,[5]
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Sal. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

Sala. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.

[3] *Andrew*—The name of the ship. JOHNSON.
[4] This gives a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing when the eyes are half shut. WARBURTON.
[5] Because such are apt enough to show their teeth in anger. WARB.

I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Sal. Good-morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?
Sal. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exe.* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.
Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the Fool:[6]
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am sir Oracle,*
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.

---

[6] Alluding to the common comparison of human life to a stage-play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces; from whence came the phrase, *to play the fool.*
WARBURTON.

I'll tell thee more of this another time :
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo :—Fare ye well, a while ;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.[7]

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time :
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith ; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* GRA. *and* LOREN.

Ant. Is that any thing now ?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice : His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ; you shall seek all day ere you find them ; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well ; tell me now, what lady is this same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of ?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance :
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged : To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

---

[7] The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those times ; who being generally long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner. WARBURTON.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth ; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both : I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost : but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well ; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance ;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have :
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it : therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues ; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages :
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors : and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea ;
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do ;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia,
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,

Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'*s House. Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And, yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt,[8] indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.[9]

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, choose:* He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it as a sin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;[1] and you will come into the court, and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and

[8] *Colt* is used for a heady, gay youngster, whence the phrase used of an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth*. See Henry VIII. Act I. sc. iii. JOHNSON.

[9] I am almost inclined to believe, that Shakspeare has more allusions to particular facts and persons than his readers commonly suppose. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Lasco, a Polish Palatine, who visited England in our author's life-time, was eagerly caressed, and splendidly entertained; but running in debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

[1] A satire on the ignorance of the young English travellers in our author's time. WARBURTON.

swore he would pay him again, when he was able I think, the Frenchman became his surety,[2] and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?[3]

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to such a spunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

---

[2] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. This is here humorously satirized. WARBURTON

[3] In Shakspeare's time the Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made knight of the garter.——Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's suitors there may be some covert allusion to those of queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before. ——Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. A public Place. Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bas. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thoussnd ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound?

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,——and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats; ——I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:[4] I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks
I hate him for he is a christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,[5]
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft; How many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior; [*To* ANT
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,[6]
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,

[4] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakspeare, drawn with more spirit, and just discrimination, than Shylock's. His language, allusions, and ideas, are every where so appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people. HENLEY.

[5] This, Dr. Johnson observes, is a phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers; and (he might have added) is an allusion to the angel's thus laying hold of Jacob when he wrestled with him. See *Gen.* xxxii 24. HENLEY.

[6] *Ripe wants* are wants come to the height, wants that can have no other delay. Perhaps we might read—*rife wants*, wants that come thick upon him. JOHNSON.

How much you would?
Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—But hear you;
Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.
Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.[7]
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

[7] See *St. Matthew*, iv. 6. HENLEY.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:[8]
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)[9]
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,

[8] *Usance*, in our author's time, I believe, signified *interest of money*. It has been once before used in this play in that sense. MALONE.

[9] A *breed*, i.e. interest money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this; that money is a barren thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this passage. Old Meres says, "Usurie and encrease by gold and silver is unlawful, because against nature; nature hath made them *sterill* and *barren*, usurie makes them *procreative*. FARMER.

Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me :
This is kind I offer.
Ant. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show :—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are ;
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship :
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.—
This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on ; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Belmont. A Room in* PORTIA'*s House. Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her Attendants.*

Morocco.

MISLIKE me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fires scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.[1]
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd[2] the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit,[3] to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by that means, I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—

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[1] To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted soldiers, a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, Cowards are said to *have livers white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milksop*. JOHNSON.

It is customary in the east for lovers to testify the violence of their passion by cutting themselves in the sight of their mistresses. See Habits du Levant, pl. 43, and Picart's Religious Ceremonies, Vol. VII. p. 111. HARRIS.

[2] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often used by our old writers, in this sense. STEEVENS.

[3] I suppose we may safely read—*and hedg'd me by his will*. Confined me by his will. JOHNS.——As the ancient meaning of *wit*, was sagacity, or power of mind, I have not misplaced the original reading. See our author, passim. STEEVENS.

That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of sultan Solyman,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady : But, alas the while !
If Hercules, and Lichias, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :
So is Alcides beaten by his page ;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance ;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage ; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not ; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple ; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then ! [*Cornets.*
To make me bless't, or cursed'st among men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Venice. A Street. Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master : The fiend is at mine elbow ; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away :* My conscience says,—*no ; take heed, honest Launcelot ; take heed, honest Gobbo ; or*, as aforesaid, *honest Launcelot Gobbo ; do not run ; scorn running with thy heels :* Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack ; *via !* says the fiend ; *away !* says the fiend, *for the heavens ; rouse up a brave mind*, says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son*,—or rather an honest woman's son ;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste ;—well, my con-

science says, *Launcelot, budge not; budge*, says the fiend; *budge not*, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit.—Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd savings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.[4]

Gob. I cannot think, you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew; Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present

[4] Launcelot may mean, that he shall hereafter prove his claim to the title of child by his dutiful behaviour. It became necessary for him to say something of that sort, after all the tricks he had been playing him. STEEV.

to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other followers.*

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; Wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son:
—Take leave of thy old master, and inquire

My lodging out :—Give him a livery [*To his followers.*
More guarded[5] than his fellows' : See it done.

Laun. Father, in :—I cannot get a service, no ;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well ; [*Looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table[6] which doth offer to swear upon a book.—I shall have good fortune : Go to, here's a simple line of life ! here's a small trifle of wives : Alas, fifteen wives is nothing ; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man : and then to 'scape drowning thrice ; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed ;[7]—here are simple 'scapes ! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come ; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* LAUN. *and old* GOB.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this ;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance ; hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master ?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.* LEON.

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano !

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me ; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must ;—But hear thee, Gratiano ;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice ;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults ;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal ;[8]—pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit ; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me :
If I do not put on a sober habit,

[5] *Guarded*—i. e. more ornamented. STEEVENS.
[6] *Table*—The chiromantic term for the lines of the hand. WARB.
[7] A cant term to signify the danger of marrying. WARBURTON.
[8] *Liberal* I have already shown to be mean, gross, coarse, licentious. JOH.

Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely ;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen ;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent[9]
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night ; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity ;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment : But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest ;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in SHYLOCK'*s House. Enter* JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so ;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness :
But fare thee well ; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :
Give him this letter ; do it secretly,
And so farewell ; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu !—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Most beautiful Pagan,—most sweet Jew ! If a Christian do not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived : But, adieu ! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit ; adieu ! [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child !
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners : O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife ;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

[9] Grave appearance ; show of staid and serious behaviour. JOHNSON.

SCENE IV.

The same. A Street. Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have two hours
To furnish us:—

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.
Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news, in faith.
Laun. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUN.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
Salan. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salar. 'Tis good we do so. [*Exeunt* SAL. *and* SALA.
Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot
Unless she do it under this excuse,—

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me ; peruse this, as thou goest :
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Before SHYLOCK'S *House. Enter* SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—
What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me ;—What, Jessica !—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out ;—
Why, Jessica, I say !

Laun. Why, Jessica !

Shy. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. You worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you ? What is your will ?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica ;[1]
There are my keys :—But wherefore should I go ?
I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :
But yet I'll go in hate,[2] to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house :—I am right loath to go ;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go ; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque ; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last,[3] at six o' clock i' the morning, falling out

[1] That *bid* was used for invitation, may be seen in *St. Luke's* Gospel, xiv. 24: "none of those which were *bidden* shall taste of my supper." HARRIS.

[2] Shylock forgets his resolution. In a former scene he declares he will neither *eat, drink,* nor *pray* with Christians. Of this circumstance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his most settled resolve, for the prosecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

[3] "*Black-Monday* is *Easter-Monday,* and was so called on this occasion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday.*" Stowe, p. 264—6. GREY.

that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit* LAUN.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, but he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,
Shut doors after you: *Fast bind, fast find;*
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

The same. Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly[4]

[4] Lovers have in poetry been called *Turtles* or *Doves*, which in lower language may be pigeons. JOHNSON.

To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

Gra. That ever holds : Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,[5]
The scarfed bark[6] puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !
How like the prodigal doth she return ;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo ;—more of this hereafter

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait ;
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew :—Ho ! who's within.

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you ? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain ; and my love, indeed ;
For who love I so much ? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art

Jes. Here, catch this casket ; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange :
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

[5] Mr. Gray (dropping the particularity of allusion to the parable of the prodigal) seems to have caught from this passage the imagery of the following

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
"In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
"Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
"Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
"That hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey."

The *grim-repose*, however, was suggested by Thomson's

"——deep fermenting tempest brew'd
"In the *grim* evening sky." HENLEY.

[6] i. e. the vessel decorated with flags. STEEVENS.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.
Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit, from above.*
Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.[7]
Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with* JES. *and* SALAR.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio?
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you:—
No masque to-night; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'*s House. Flourish of Cornets. Enter* PORTIA, *with the Prince of Morocco, and both their Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—

[7] A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile,* which signifies both *Heathen,* and *one well born.* JOHNSON.

Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears ;—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries ;—
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt ;—
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.—
How shall I know if I do choose the right ?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince ;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment ! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again :
What says this leaden casket ?
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give—For what ? for lead ? hazard for lead ?
This casket threatens : Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages :
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;
I'll then not give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue ?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves ?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand :
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady ;
And yet, to be afeard of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve !—Why, that's the lady :
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here ?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold :
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her :
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia :
The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,

As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought; it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.[8]
Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;[9]
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrol'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains, go;—
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Venice. A Street. Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

[8] i.e inclose, as the ribs inclose the viscera. STEEVENS.
[9] The meaning is, that the figure of the angel is raised or embossed on the coin, not engraved on it. TUTET.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.
Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd—*Do not so,*
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:
And even there, his eye being big with tears,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,[9]
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.
Salan. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Belmont. A Room in PORTIA's *House. Enter* NERISSA, *with a Servant.*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA, *and their Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and begone.
Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have I address'd me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

[9] So curious an observer of nature was our author, and so minutely had he traced the operation of the passions, that many passages of his works might furnish hints to painters. It is indeed surprizing that they do not study his plays with this view. In the passage before us, we have the outline of a beautiful picture. MALONE.

What many men desire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear :
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves ;
And well said too ; For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit ! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly ! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !
How many then should cover, that stand bare ?
How many be commanded, that command ?
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour ? and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd ? Well, but to my choice :
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves :
I will assume desert ;—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here ? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule ? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia ?
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head ?
Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here ?

The fire seven times tried this ;
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss :
Some there be, that shadows kiss ;

Such have but a shadow's bliss :
There be fools alive, I wis,[1]
Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,[2]
I will ever be your head :
So be gone, sir, you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here :
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.
[*Exeunt* ARRAGON, *and Train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy ;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady ?
Por. Here ; what would my lord ?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord :
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets ;[3]
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love :
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee ; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa ; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be ! [*Exeunt.*

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[1] I *wis*,—I know. *Wissen*, German. STEEVENS.
[2] Perhaps the poet has forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any woman. JOHNSON.
[3] *Regrèets*, i. e. salutations. STEEVENS.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Street. Enter* SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

Salanio.

NOW, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha,—What say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Salan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd: and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—

But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; —a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart: —let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt by the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SALAN. SALAR. *and Servant.*

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till

now :—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, with the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha?—Where? in Genoa!

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:——I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my compamy to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am very glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: It was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:[4] I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

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[4] A *turquoise* is a precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east, subject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoise on account of the money for which he might hope to sell it, but merely in respect of the imaginary virtues formerly ascribed to the stone. It was said of the Turkey-stone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. To this Ben Jonson refers, in his Sejanus:

"And true as *Turkise* in my dear lord's ring,
Look well or ill with him."

Other superstitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preservative to the wearer. The same quality was supposed to be resident in coral. STEEVENS.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'*s House. Enter* BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and Attendants. The caskets are set out.*

Por. I pray you, tarry;—pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you,
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,——
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours: O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.[5]
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time;[6]
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess

[5] The meaning is. "If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath." HEATH.

[6] To *peize*, is to *weigh*, or *balance*; and figuratively, *to keep in suspense*, to *delay*. HENLEY.

What treason there is mingled with your love.
Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.
Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.
Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.
Por. Well then, confess, and live.
Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy bred,*
In the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply. 2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,*
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies :
Let us all ring fancy's knell ;
I'll begin it,——Ding dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bas.—So may the outward shows be least themselves ;[6]
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being reason'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it[7] with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars ;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk ?
And these assume but valour's excrement,[8]
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight ;[9]
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it :
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,

[6] He begins abruptly ; the first part of the argument had passed in his mind. JOHNSON. [7] i.e. justify it. STEEVENS.
[8] i.e. what a little higher is called the *beard* of Hercules. MALONE.
[9] i.e. *artificial beauty* is purchased so ; as, false hair, &c. STEEVENS

And here choose I; Joy be the consequence!
Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love be moderate, allay thy extasy,
In measure rain thy joy,[1] scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!
Bass. What find I here? [*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit?[2] What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here is the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll;—Fair lady, by your leave; [*Kissing her.*
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,

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[1] I once believed Shakspeare wrote—*In measure rein thy joy* The words *rain* and *rein* were not in these times distinguished by regular orthography. JOHNS.——I believe Shakspeare alluded to the well known proverb, *It cannot rain, but it pours.* STEEVENS.

[2] *Counterfeit*, which is at present used only in a bad sense, anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. So Hamlet calls the picture he shows his mother—
"The *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers." STEEVENS.

Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy ; Good joy, my lord, and lady !
Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me :
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.
Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
Gra. I thank your lordship ; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as your's :
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
You lov'd, I lov'd ; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there ;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls :
For wooing here, until I sweat again ;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love ; at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.
Por. Is this true, Nerissa ?
Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.
Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?
Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.
Bas. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.
Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.
Ner. What, and stake down ?
Gra. No ; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.——
But who comes here ? Lorenzo, and his infidel ?
What, my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither ;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome :—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord ;
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour :—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here ;

But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Sale. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Sale. 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,

From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Sale. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife:
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;

For you shall hence upon your wedding-day :
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer ;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit ; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death : notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste : but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. A Street. Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, *and Gaoler.*

Shy. Gaoler, look to him ;—Tell not me of mercy ;—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis ;—
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond ;
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond :
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause :
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs :
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak :
I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To christian intercessors. Follow not ;
I'll have no speaking ; I will have my bond. [*Exit* SHY.

Salan. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone ;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life ; his reason well I know ;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures

Many that have at times made moan to me ;
Therefore he hates me.
Salan. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law ;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,[5]
Will much impeach the justice of the state ;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go :
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.——
Well, gaoler, on :—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'*s House. Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity ; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now : for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit ;[6]

[5] i.e. for the denial of those rights to strangers, which render their abode at Venice so commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the justice of the state. The consequence would be, that strangers would not reside or carry on traffic here ; and the wealth and strength of the state would be diminished. MALONE.

[6] The poet only means to say, *that correspondent proportions of body and mind are necessary for those who spend their time together.* Every one will allow that the friend of a toper should have a strong head, and the intimate of a sportsman such an athletic constitution as will enable him to acquit himself with reputation in the exercises of the field.——The word *lineaments* was used with great laxity by our ancient writers. In *The learned and true Assertion of the Original, Life, &c. of king Arthur, translated from the latin of John Leland*, 1582, it is used for the human frame in general. Speaking of the removal of

Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect,[7] to the common ferry

that prince's bones,—he calls them "Arthur's *lineaments* three times translated"; and again, "All the *lineaments* of them remaining in that most stately tomb, saving the shin bones of the king and queen," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] The old copies concur in this reading, which appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was a word probably current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it. STEEVENS.

Which trades to Venice :—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone ; I shall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*
Por. Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of : we'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;
I could not do with all ;—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them :
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth :—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.
Ner. Why, shall we turn to men ?
Por. Fie ! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter ?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

The same. A Garden. Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly :—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children ; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter : Therefore, be of good cheer ; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good ; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother shall be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if thus you get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. —Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray

thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Court of Justice. Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes;* ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and others.*

Duke.

WHAT, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee ; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach,[8] I do oppose
My patience to his fury ; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Salan. He's ready at the door : he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
—Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty :
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back ;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,[9]

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[8] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*. STEEVENS.

[9] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting sounding epithet. It is used with great propriety, and shows the poet well acquainted with the history of the people whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the French and Venetians, in the beginning of the 13th century, had won Constantinople, the French, under the emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conquests into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the *Terra firma* ; while the Venetians, who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subjects of the republic, who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places ; and to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty ; only doing homage to the republic for their several principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudo's, the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripo's, and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in several places of the Archipelago, which their descendants enjoyed for many generations, and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence, the most eminent of our own merchants (while public spirit resided amongst them, and before it was aped by faction) were called *royal merchants*. WARB.

This epithet was in our poet's time more striking and better understood, because Gresham was then dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*. JOH.

And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon you charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour;[1] Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine; For affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a swollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

[1] The Jew being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right, and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the inquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal or serious question, but since you want an answer, will this serve you? JOHNSON.

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew :
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,[2]
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them :—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours :—So do I answer you :
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it :
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice :
I stand for judgment: answer ; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

[2] This argument, considered as used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not how Venetians or Englishmen, while they practise the purchase and sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *Doing to others as we would that they should do to us.* JOHNSON.

Duke. Bring us the letters ; Call the messenger.
Bass. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man ? courage yet !
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me :
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Come you from Padua, from Bellario ?
Ner. From both, my lord : Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presents a letter.*
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen : but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy snarp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog !
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court :—
Where is he ?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart :—some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] *Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn[3] you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not? [*To* ANT.
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;[4]
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;

[3] To *impugn*, is to oppose, to controvert. STEEVENS.

[4] In composing these beautiful lines, it is probable that Shakspeare recollected the following verse in *Ecclesiasticus*, xxxv. 20: "Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought." DOUCE.

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : We do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head ![5] I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth.[6] And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority :
To do a great right, do a little wrong ;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :
'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

---

[5] An imprecation adopted from that of the Jews to Pilate : "His blood be on us, and our children !" HENLEY.

[6] Malice oppresses honesty ; a *true man* in old language is an *honest man*. We now call the jury *good men and true*. JOHNSON.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife:
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd; But what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind

The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else; for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content,[7] so he will let me have
The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

---

[7] Antonio's offer is, "that he will quit the fine for one half of his fortune, provided that he will let him have it at interest during the Jew's life, to render it on his death to Lorenzo." M. MASON.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew, what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,[8]
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* SHY.
Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.
—Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exe. Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend,
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;

[8] i. e. a jury of *twelve* men, to condemn thee to be hanged. THEOB.

And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exe.* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.
Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst you wife's commandement.
Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste. [*Ex.* GRA.
—Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Street. Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well overtaken:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That I will do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:—

I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To* PORTIA.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'st, I warrant; We shall have old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.—
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Belmont. Avenue to* PORTIA'*s House. Enter* LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lorenzo.

THE moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul towárd the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew:
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come:

But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.— [*Exit* STE.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;[9]
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,

[9] A patine, from *patina*, Lat. A *patine* is the small flat dish or plate used with the chalice, in the administration of the eucharist. In the time of popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;[1]
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music : Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature :
The man that hath no music in himself,[2]
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :

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[1] Diana is the moon, who is in the next scene represented as sleeping. JOH.

[2] The thought here is extremely fine; as if the being affected with music was only the harmony between the *internal* [*music in himself*] and the *external music* [*concord of sweet sounds*;] which were mutually affected like unison strings. This whole speech could not choose but please an English audience, whose great passion, as well then as now, was *love of music*. "Jam vero video naturam (says Erasmus in praise of Folly,) ut singulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam insevisse Philautiam : atque hinc fieri, ut *Britanni*, præter alia, Formam, *Musicam*, & lautas Mensas proprie sibi vindicent" WARBURTON.

This passage, which is neither pregnant with physical and moral truth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree, has constantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by those whose inhospitable memories would have refused to admit or retain any other sentiment or description of the same author, however exalted or just. The truth is, that it furnishes the vacant fiddler with something to say in defence of his profession, and supplies the coxcomb in music with an invective against such as do not pretend to discover all the various powers of language in articulate sounds.

It is no uncommon thing to see those who would think half a day well spent in reconciling a couple of jarring strings to unison, and yet would make no scruple in employing the other half in setting two of the most intimate friends at variance. So much for the certitude of being taught morality in the school of music.

Ferte citi flammas, date tela.——*ite*—— STEEVENS.

Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;[3]
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended ; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection !—
Peace, hoa ! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be wak'd ! [*Music ceases.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd ?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet ;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence ;—
Nor you, Lorenzo ;—Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*[4]

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet :
—We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,

[3] Not absolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumstances. JOHNSON.

[4] *Toccata,* Ital. a flourish on a trumpet. STEEVENS.

It looks a little paler ; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.[5]
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light ;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me ;
But God sort all !—You are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam : give welcome to my friend.
—This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.
[GRATIANO *and* NERISSA *seem to talk apart.*
Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong ;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already ? what's the matter ?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me ; whose posy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*[6]
Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value ?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death ;
And that it should lie with you in your grave :
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective,[7] and have kept it.

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[5] If you would always walk in the night, it would be day with us, as it is now on the other side of the globe. MALONE.

[6] Knives, as Sir J. Hawkins observes, were formerly inscribed by means of *aqua fortis*, with short sentences in distich. In Decker's *Satiromastix*, Sir Edward Vaughan says, "You shall swear by Phebus, who is your good poets' lord and master, that hereafter you will not hire Horace to give you poesies for rings, or handkerchers, or *knives*, which you understand not." REED.

[7] *Respective* has the same meaning as *respectful*. STEEVENS.

Gave it a judge's clerk !—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy ; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk ;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee ;
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And rivetted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it ; and here he stands ;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief ;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*
Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord ?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd from me
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it ; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,

You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bed fellow.
Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;

And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,——
Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;[8]
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
[*To* PORTIA.
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
Por. I had it of him: pardon me Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?
Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident

[8] For his advantage; to obtain his happiness. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term opposite to *adversity* or *calamity*. JOH.——So, in *The Litany*: "In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth." STEEV.

I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow;
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you, and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: The first intergatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*[9]

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[9] It has been lately discovered, that this fable is taken from a story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Florentino, a novelist who wrote in 1378. The story has been published in English, and I have epitomised the translation. The translator is of opinion, that the choice of the caskets is borrowed from a tale of *Boccace*, though I believe that Shakspeare must have had some other novel in view. JOHNSON.

THERE lived at Florence a merchant, whose name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three sons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldest, and left them heirs: to the youngest he left nothing. This youngest, whose name was Giannetto, went to his father and said, What has my father done? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wish better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whose name is Ansaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to send you thither to him. He is the richest merchant amongst the Christians: if you behave well, you will certainly be a rich man. The son answered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father shall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Giannetto went to Ansaldo, and presented the letter given by the father before his death. Ansaldo reading the letter, cried out, My dearest godson is welcome to my arms. He then asked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Ansaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in seeing you, mitigates my sorrow. He conducted him to his house, and gave orders to his servants, that Giannetto should be obeyed, and served with more attention than had been paid to himself. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money; and told him, Son, spend this money, keep a table, and make yourself known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Ansaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Ansaldo could think of nothing but him; so much was he pleased with his good manners and behaviour.

It happened, that two of his most intimate acquaintance designed to go with two ships to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and see the world. I would go willingly, said he, if my father Ansaldo would give leave. His companions go to Ansaldo, and beg his permission for Giannetto to go in the spring with them to Alexandria; and desire him to provide him a ship. Ansaldo immediately procured a very fine ship, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with streamers, and furnished it with arms; and, as soon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and sailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto saw a gulph, with a fine port, and asked the captain how the port was called? He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner, said Giannetto. He answered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he must take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loses every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an instant they slide into port so easily that the other ships perceived nothing.

The lady was soon informed of it, and sent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, asked him who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the custom of the country? He answered, That the knowledge of that custom was his only reason for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and sent for barons, counts, and knights in great numbers, who were her subjects, to keep Giannetto company. These nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have had him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady said, it seems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her service; and immediately two damsels enter with wine and sweet-meats. The lady intreats him to taste the wine; he takes the sweet-meats, and drinks some of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cause sleep. He then goes into the bed, where he instantly falls asleep, and never wakes till late in the morning; but the lady rose with the sun, and gave orders to unload the vessel, which she found full of rich merchandize. After nine o'clock, the women servants go to the bed side, order Giannetto to rise and begone, for he had lost the ship. The lady gave him a horse and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives he dares not return home for shame; but at night goes to the house of a friend, who is

surprised to see him, and inquires of him the cause of his return? He answers, his ship had struck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a visit to Ansaldo, found him very disconsolate. I fear, says Ansaldo, so much, that this son of mine is dead, that I have no rest. His friend told him that he had been shipwrecked, and had lost his all, but that he himself was safe. Ansaldo instantly gets up, and runs to find him. My dear son, says he, you need not fear my displeasure; it is a common accident; trouble yourself no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be cheerful and easy.

The news was soon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the story, ran to see him, and rejoiced with him for his safety; telling him, that next spring he might gain as much as he lost the last. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was resolved to marry her or die. Ansaldo told him frequently not to be cast down. Giannetto said, he should never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Ansaldo provided another ship of more value than the first. He again entered the port of Belmont, and the lady looking on the port from her bedchamber, and seeing the ship, asked her maid, if she knew the streamers? the maid said, it was the ship of the young man who arrived the last year. You are in the right, answered the lady; he must surely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a second time: the maid said, she had never seen a more agreeable man. He went to the castle, and presented himself to the lady; who, as soon as she saw him, embraced him, and the day was passed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady intreated him to go to rest: when they were seated in the chamber, the two damsels enter with wine and sweet-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls asleep: the lady undressed, and lay down by his side; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning the lady rises, and gives orders to strip the ship. He has a horse and money given to him, and away he goes, and never stops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the same friend, who with astonishment asked him, what was the matter? I am undone, says Giannetto. His friend answered, You are the cause of the ruin of Ansaldo, and your shame ought to be greater than the loss you have suffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At last, he took a resolution of seeing Ansaldo, who rose from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Ansaldo heard his tale: do not grieve, my dear son, says he, we have still enough: the sea enriches some men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad success. When Ansaldo inquired what was the matter, he confessed, he never could be contented, till he was in a condition to regain all that he lost. When Ansaldo found him resolved, he began to sell every thing he had, to furnish this other fine ship with merchandize: but, as he wanted still ten thousand ducats, he applied himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feast of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. Ansaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witnessed with all the form and ceremony necessary; and then counted the ten thousand ducats of gold, with which Ansaldo bought what was still wanting for the vessel. This last ship was finer and better freighted than the other two, and his companions made ready for the voyage, with a design that whatever they gained should be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Ansaldo told Giannetto, that since he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he intreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might see him before he died; and then he could leave the world with satisfaction. Giannetto promised to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleasure. Ansaldo gave him his blessing, they took their leave, and the ships set out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to steal into Belmont; and he prevailed with one of the sailors in the night to sail the vessel into the port. It was told the lady, that Giannetto was arrived in port. She saw from the window the vessel, and immediately sent for him.

Giannetto goes to the castle, the day is spent in joy and feasting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, so well did he understand the lance, and was so graceful a figure on horseback: he pleased so much, that all were desirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the usual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his rest. When he passed the door of the chamber, one of the damsels in a whisper said to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady said, I know you must be thirsty, I must have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damsels entered the room, and presented the wine. Who can refuse wine from such beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady smiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his bosom. The lady, thinking he had drank, says aside to herself with great joy, You must go, young man, and bring another ship, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to snore as if he slept soundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herself down by his side. Giannetto loses no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, saying, now am I in possession of my utmost wishes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted, and placed in the chair of state, had the sceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed sovereign of the country with great pomp and splendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the castle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and caused justice to be administered impartially. He continued some time in this happy state, and never entertained a thought of poor Ansaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thousand ducats. But one day, as he stood at the window of the palace with his bride, he saw a number of people pass along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands. What is the meaning of this? says he. The lady answered, they are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his festival. Giannetto instantly recollected Ansaldo, gave a great sigh, and turned pale. His lady inquired the cause of his sudden change. He said, he felt nothing. She continued to press with great earnestness, till he was obliged to confess the cause of his uneasiness, that Ansaldo was engaged for the money, that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was, lest his father should lose his life for him: that if the ten thousand ducats were not paid that day, he must lose a pound of his flesh. The lady told him to mount on horseback, and go by land the nearest way, to take some attendants, and an hundred thousand ducats, and not to stop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Ansaldo to her. Giannetto takes horse with twenty attendants, and makes the best of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had seized Ansaldo, and insisted on having a pound of his flesh. He intreated him only to wait some days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleasure of embracing him: the Jew replied, he was willing to wait; but, says he, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation. Ansaldo answered, that he was content. Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might have the satisfaction of saying, that he had put to death the greatest of the christian merchants. Giannetto making all possible haste to Venice his lady soon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two servants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Ansaldo) tells him he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he should demand. The Jew said, he would take no money, since it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of flesh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the Jew had his pretensions grounded on public and received forms, their only resource was intreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand, then thirty thousand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at last an hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants, who his master was? The

servant answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna. The landlord upon this shows his guest great civility: and when he attended at dinner the lawyer inquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, justice in this place is too severe, and related the case of Ansaldo. Says the lawyer, this question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of all the best men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him: so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. They came to this judge, and saluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew each told the merits of the cause to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, it will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments: and our judge says to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's flesh where you choose. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto seeing this, turning to the judge, This, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off: and beside, if you shed one drop of blood, you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood; but says expressly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh, according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand: but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Ansaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand: he said, I will not give you a penny. Give me at least, said the Jew, my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of flesh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled. The Jew seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Ansaldo was released, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thousand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer said, I do not want money; carry it back to your lady, that she may not say, that you have squandered it away idly. Says Giannetto my lady is so kind, that I might spend four times as much, without incurring her displeasure. How are you pleased with the lady? says the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, answers Giannetto: nature seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will come and see her, you will be surprised at the honours she will show you. I cannot go with you, says the lawyer; but since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present my respects to her. I will not fail Giannetto answered; and now, let me intreat you to accept of some of the money. While he was speaking, the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, if you give me this ring, I shall seek no other reward. Willingly, says Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she, not seeing it on my finger, will believe, that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, she esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a present of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice. So great, says Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this, he takes the ring from his finger, and presents it to

him. I have still a favour to ask, says the lawyer. It shall be granted, says Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady. It appears to me a thousand years till I see her, answered Giannetto: and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Ansaldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied him. The lady arrived some days before; and having resumed her female habit, pretended to have spent the time at the baths; and now gave orders to have the streets lined with tapestry: and when Giannetto and Ansaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Ansaldo, but feigned anger against Giannetto, though she loved him excessively: yet the feastings, tilts, and diversions went on as usual, at which all the lords and ladies were present. Giannetto seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and would have saluted her. She told him, she wanted none of his caresses: I am sure, says she, you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses. Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him, where was the ring she had given him? It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and I was in the right to say you would be angry with me; but, I swear by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause. And I can swear, says the lady, with as much solemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore swear no more. Giannetto protested that what he had told her was true, and that he said all this to the lawyer, when he asked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to stay at Venice with your mistresses, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her, that what she supposed could not be true. The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter showed the ring, and told him, that she was herself the lawyer, and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and told the story to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Ansaldo for a wife; and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act I. Scene II.

Rosalind. Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune; that would give more than he, that brides lacks means

OBSERVATIONS.

OF this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of his work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers.

JOHNSON.

AS YOU LIKE IT was *certainly borrowed*, if we believe Dr. Grey and Mr. Upton, from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*; which by the way was not *printed* till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of MSS. contented himself solely with *Lodge's Rosalynd*, or *Euphues' Golden Legacye*, 4to. 1590.

FARMER.

Shakspeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are too insignificant in general to merit transcription.

STEEVENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke, living in exile.
FREDERICK, *brother to the duke, and usurper of his dominions.*
AMIENS, } *lords attending upon the duke in his banishment.*
JAQUES, }
LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*
CHARLES, *his wrestler.*
OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } *sons of sir Rowland de Bois.*
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, } *servants to Oliver.*
DENNIS, }
TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*
Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a vicar.*
CORIN, } *shepherds.*
SILVIUS, }
WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished duke.*
CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's house; afterwards, partly in the usurper's court, and partly in the forest of Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard near* OLIVER'*s House. Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orlando.

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part he keeps me rustically at home: or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orla. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain:[1] I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent?

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[1] The word *villain* is used by the elder brother, in its present meaning for a *worthless, wicked,* or *bloody man;* by Orlando in its original signification, for a *fellow of base extraction.* JOHNSON.

Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in.—[*Exit* DENNIS.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good-morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young

gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of very man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practice against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester.[2] I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet

[2] *Gamester*, in the present instance, and some others, does not signify a man viciously addicted to games of chance, but a frolicksome person. JOH.

he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprized: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Lawn before the Duke's Palace. Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love, to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.[3]

[3] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *housewife*. Shakspeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the destiny that spins the thread of life, tho' not indeed with a wheel. JOH.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd for taxation, one of these days.[4]

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show.[5] Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. —*Bon jour*, monsieur Le Beau: What the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.[6]

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies:[7] I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

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[4] *Taxation* is censure, or satire. So again in this play:
"My *taxing* like a wildgoose flies—" STEEVENS.

[5] Shakspeare probably alludes to the use of *fools* or *jesters*, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated. JOHNSON.

[6] *To lay on with a trowel*, is, to do any thing strongly, and without delicacy. If a man flatters grossly, it is a common expression to say, that he *lays it on with a trowel*. M. MASON.

[7] To *amaze*, here, is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuse, so as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men of excellent growth and presence ;——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents,*——

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler ; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he served the second, and so the third : Yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas !

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost ?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch: Thus men may grow wiser every day ! It is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides ? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking ?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin ?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here : for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming : Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. *Enter Duke* FREDERICK, *Lords*, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and Attendants.*

Duke F. Come on ; since the youth will not be intreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man ?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young : yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin ? are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

Ros. Ay, my liege ; so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men : In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be intreated : Speak to him, ladies ; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so ; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orla. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orla. No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years : You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength : if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir ; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised : We will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts ; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial : wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed, that never was gracious ; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so : I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you !

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you !

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

Orla. Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace ; you shall not intreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after ; you should not have mocked me before : but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!
Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong
low by the leg! [CHARLES *and* ORLA. *wres*
Ros. O excellent young man!
Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can
who should down. [CHARLES *is thrown. Sh*
Duke F. No more, no more.
Orla. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet v
breathed.
Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?
Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.
Duke F. Bear him away.—[CHARLES *is borne o*
What is thy name, young man?
Orla. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of
Rowland de Bois.
Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man e
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.
[*Exe. Duke* FRED. *Train, and* LE BE
Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?
Orla. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calli
To be adopted heir to Frederick.
Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto intreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.
Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.
Ros. Gentleman, [*Giving him a chain from her n*
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks me
—Shall we go, coz?
Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orla. Can I not say, I thank you?—My better p

Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,
Is but a quintain,[8] a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

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[8] A *quintain* was a *post* or *butt*, set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. The allusion is beautiful. *I am*, says Orlando, *only a* quintain, *a lifeless block on which love only exercises his arms in jest; the great disparity of condition between Rosalind and me, not suffering me to hope that love will ever make a serious matter of it.* The famous satirist Regnier, who lived about the time or our author, uses the same metaphor, on the same subject, though the thought be different:

"*Et qui depuis dix ans jusqu'en ses derniers jours,*
"*A soutenu le prix en l' escrime d' amours;*
"*Lasse en fin de servir au peuple de* quintaine,
"*Elle,*" *&c.* WARBURTON.

This is but an imperfect (to call it no worse) explanation of a beautiful passage. The *quintain* was not the object of the darts and arms; it was a stake driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and other trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode, with a lance. When the shield and the trophies were all thrown down, the quintain remained. Without this information, how could the reader understand the allusion of

——————*My better parts*
Are all thrown down? GUTHRIE.

Shakspeare has most propably alluded to that sort of quintain which resembled the human figure; and if this be the case, the speech of Orlando may be thus explained: *I am unable to thank you; for, surprized and subdued by love, my intellectual powers, which are my better parts, fail me; and I resemble the quintain, whose human or active part being thrown down, there remains nothing but the lifeless trunk or block which once upheld it.* Or if *better parts* do not refer to the quintain, "that which here stands up" means the *human part* of the quintain, which may be also not unaptly called a lifeless block.

As a military sport or exercise, the use of the quintain is very ancient, and may be traced even among the Romans. It is mentioned in Justinian's *Code*, Lib. III. tit. 43; and its most probable etymology is from *Quintus*, the name of its inventor. In the days of chivalry it was the substitute or rehearsal of tilts and tournaments, and was at length adopted, though in a ruder way, by the common people, becoming amongst them a very favourite amusement. In Wales it is still practised at weddings, and at the village of Offham, near Town Malling in Kent, there is now standing a quintain, opposite the dwelling-house of a family that is obliged under some tenure to support it; but I do not find that any use has been ever made of it within the recollection of the inhabitants. DOUCE.

For a more particular description of a *quintain*, see a note on a passage in Jonson's *Underwoods*, Whalley's edit. Vol. VII. p. 55. M. MASON.

A humorous description of this amusement may also be read in Laneham's Letter from "Killingworth Castle." HENLEY.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place : Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love ;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous ; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you, sir : and, pray you, tell me this ;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling ?

Le B. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners ;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle neice ;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well ;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orla. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well !
[*Exit* LE BEAU.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother :—
But heavenly Rosalind ! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace. Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin ; why, Rosalind ;—Cupid have mercy !—Not a word ?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me ; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up ; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father ?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father :[9] O, how full of briars is this working-day world !

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery ; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat ; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try ; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you ! you will try in time, in despight of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest : Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son ?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly ? By this kind of chace, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ;[1] yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ?

Ros. Let me love him for that ; and do you love him, because I do :—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *with Lords.*

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle ?

Duke F. You, cousin :
Within these ten days if thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me :
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires ;

[9] i.e. for him whom I hope to marry, and have children by. THEOBALD.

[1] That is, by this way of *following* the argument. *Dear* is used by Shakspeare in a double sense for *beloved*, and for *hurtful, hated, baleful*. Both senses are authorised, and both drawn from etymology ; but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *hateful* is *dere*. Rosalind uses *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad sense. JOHNSON.

If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend you highness.

DukeF. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

DukeF. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I, when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DukeF. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your own pleasure, and your own remorse;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: If she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

DukeF. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone:[2] then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have past upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

DukeF. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourself;
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke* FREDERICK *and Lords.*

[2] When she was seen alone, she would be more noted. JOHNSON.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,[3]
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;[4]
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were is not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe[5] upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

[3] i. e. to take your *change* or *reverse of fortune* on yourself, without any aid or participation. MALONE.
[4] *Umber*—a dusky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy. MALONE.
[5] *Curtle-ax*—or *cutlace*, a broad sword. JOHNSON.

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state ;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court ?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;
Leave me alone to woo him : Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together ;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight : Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden. Enter Duke senior,* AMIENS, *and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.*

Duke S.

NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference ; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery : these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;[6]
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
Ami. I would not change it : Happy is your grace,

[6] It was the current opinion in Shakspeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the skull. JOHNSON.

In a book called *A Green Forest, or a Natural History, &c.* by J. Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem : "In this stone is apparently seene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with despotted and coloured feete, but those uglye and defusedly. It is available against envenoming." STEEV.

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desart city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.
1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:[7]
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,[8]
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1 *Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; *this misery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,

---

[7] "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
"That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
"His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
"And pore upon the brook that babbles by." Gray's *Elegy*. STEEV.

[8] It is said in one of the marginal notes to a similar passage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, that "the harte weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine." STEEVENS.

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace. Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Can it be possible, that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

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[9] To *quail* is to *faint*, to sink into dejection. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

Before OLIVER's *House. Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Orla. Who's there?
Ada. What! my young master?—O, my gentle master,
O, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it?
Orla. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place,[1] this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orla. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.
Orla. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice

[1] *Place* here signifies a *seat*, a *mansion*, a *residence*. So, in the first Book of *Samuel*: "Saul set him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal." We still use the word in compound with another, as St. James's *place*, &c. STE. *Plas*, in the Welch language, signifies a mansion-house. MALONE.

Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.[2]

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providentially caters for the sparrow,[3]
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orla. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choak their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exe.*

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[2] Blood turned out of the course of nature. JOHNS.——To *divert* a water-course, that is, to *change its course*, was a common legal phrase, and an object of litigation in Westminster Hall, in our author's time, as it is at present. REED. [3] See *Saint Luke*, xii. 6, and 24. DOUCE.

SCENE IV.

The Forest of Arden. Enter ROSALIND *in boy's clothes,* CELIA *dress like a shepherdess, and* TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,[4] if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now I am in Arden: the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be it so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in my mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company

[4] A *cross* was a piece of money stamped with a *cross*. On this our author is perpetually quibbling. STEEVENS.

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast hast not lov'd :—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !
[*Exit* SILVIUS.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine : I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile : and I remember the kissing of her batlet,[5] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd : and I remember the wooing of a peascod in stead of her ; from whom I took two cods,[6] and, giving them her again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers ; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove ! Jove ! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food ;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Hola ; you, clown !

Ros. Peace, fool ; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls ?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say :—
Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,

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[5] *Batlet*, the instrument with which washers beat coarse clothes. JOH.

[6] For *cods* it would be more like sense to read *peas*, which having the shape of pearls, resembled the common presents of lovers. JOHNSON.

In a schedule of jewels in the 15th Vol. of Rymer's *Fœdera*, we find, "Item, two *peascoddes* of gold with 17 pearles." FARMER.

The *peascod* certainly means the whole of the pea as it hangs upon the stalk. It was formerly used as an ornament in dress, and was represented with the shell open exhibiting the peas. The passage cited from Rymer, by Dr. Farmer, shows that the peas were sometimes made of pearls, and rather overturns Dr. Johnson's conjecture, who probably imagined that Touchstone took the *cods* from the *peascods*, and not from his mistress. DOUCE.

[7] A ridiculous expression from a sonnet in Lodge's *Rosalynd*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. STEEVENS.

Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.
Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but ere while,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; If you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

SONG.

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree,*
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here
And loves to live i'the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass

Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme ;
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to Ami.

Ami. What's that *ducdàme ?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.—I'll go sleep if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first born of Egypt.[8]

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke ; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.

The same. Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no farther : O, I die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orla. Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little : If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable ; hold death a while at the arm's end : I will here be with thee presently ; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die : but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said ! thou look'st cheerily : and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air : Come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The same. A table set out. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, *Lords, and others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast ;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence ;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

[8] A proverbial expression for high-born persons. JOHNSON.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres :—
Go, seek him ; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.
Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company ?
What ! you look merrily.
Jaq. A fool, a fool !—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool ;—a miserable world !—
As I do live by food, I met a fool ;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I : *No, sir,* quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune :
And then he drew a dial from his poke ;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock :*
Thus may we see, quoth he, *how the world wags :*
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !
A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.
Duke S. What fool is this ?
Jaq. O worthy fool !—One that hath been a courtier ;
And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms :—O, that I were a fool !
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Duke S. Thou shalt have one.
Jaq. It is my only suit ;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,

That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have :
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh : And why, sir, must they so ?
The *why* is plain as way to parish-church :
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob : if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.[9]
Invest me in my motley ; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good ?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party ?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very means do ebb ?
What woman in the city do I mean,
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders ?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour ?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech ?
There then ; How, What then ? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him : if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself ; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here ?

[9] Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power, and the wise man will have his folly *anatomized*, that is, *dissected* and *laid open*, by the *squandering glances* or *random shots* of a fool. JOHNSON.

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,[1]
And know some nurture:[2] But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orla. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desart inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:

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[1] *Inland* here, and elsewhere in this play, is the opposite to *outland*, or *upland*. Orlando means to say, that he had not been *bred among clowns*.
HOLT WHITE.

[2] *Nurture* is *education*. STEEVENS ——St. Paul advises the Ephesians, in his Epistle, ch. vi. 4, to bring their children up "in the *nurture* and admonition of the Lord." HARRIS.

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orla. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love ; till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orla. I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good comfort ! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits, and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school : And then, the lover ;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow : Then, a soldier ;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,[3]
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,[4]
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts

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[3] *Beards* of different *cut* were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and professions. The soldier had one fashion, the judge another, the bishop different from both, &c. MALONE.

[4] Lest it should be supposed that these epithets are synonymous, it is necessary to be observed that one of the ancient senses of *sudden*, is *violent*. STEEVENS.

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;[5]
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome : Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

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[5] There is a greater beauty than appears at first sight in this image. He is here comparing human life to a *stage play* of seven acts, (which is no unusual division before our author's time.) The sixth he calls the *lean and slipper'd pantaloon*, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalone* ; who is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers* ; and well designed, in that epithet, because *Pantalone* is the only character that acts in slippers. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton boldly asserts that this was "no *unusual* division of a play before our author's time." One of Chapman's plays (*Two wise Men and all the rest Fools*) is indeed in seven acts. This, however, is the only dramatic piece that I have found so divided. But surely it is not necessary to suppose that our author alluded here to any such precise division of the drama. His comparisons seldom run on four feet. It was sufficient for him that a play was distributed into *several* acts, and that human life, long before his time, had been divided into *seven* periods. In *The Treasury of ancient and modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is said to have divided the lifetime of man into *seven ages* ; over each of which one of the seven planets was supposed to rule. "The *first age* is called *Infancy*, containing the space of foure yeares.—The *second age* continueth ten years, untill he attaine to the yeares of fourteene : this age is called *Childhood*.—The *third age* consisteth of eight years, being named by our auncients *Adolescensie* or *Youthhood* ; and it lasteth from fourteene, till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate.—The *fourth age* paceth on, till a man have accomplished two and fortie yeares, and is tearmed *Young Manhood*.—The *fifth age*, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the said authour) fifteene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progress so far as six and fifty yeares.—Afterwards, in adding twelve yeares to fifty-sixe, you shall make up sixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the *sixt age*, and is called *Old Age*.—The *seaventh* and last of these seven ages is limited from sixty-eight yeares, so far as four-score and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepite Age*.—If any man chance to goe beyond this age, (which is more admired than noted in many,) you shall evidently perceive that he will returne to his first condition of Infancy againe."——Hippocrates likewise divided the life of man into seven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, 1686, p. 173. MALONE.

I have seen, more than once, an old print, entitled, *The Stage of Man's Life*, divided into seven ages. As emblematical representations of this sort were formerly stuck up, both for ornament and instruction, in the generality of houses, it is more probable that Shakspeare took his hint from thence, than from Hippocrates or Proclus. HENLEY.

One of the representations to which Mr. Henley alludes, was formerly in my possession ; and considering the use it is of in explaining the passage before us, "I could have better spared a better *print*." I well remember that it exhibited the school-boy *with his satchel* hanging over his shoulder. STEEVENS.

Orla. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need ;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome, fall to : I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes :
—Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS *sings.*

SONG.

1.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh, ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

2.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,[6]
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! &c.

Duke S. If that you are the good sir Rowland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were ;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness

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[6] The surface of *waters*, so long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane ; whereas, when they are, the surface deviates from its exact flatness, or *warps*. This is remarkable in small ponds, the surface of which, when frozen, forms a regular concave ; the ice on the sides rising higher than that in the middle. KENRICK.

To *warp* was, probably, in Shakspeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no distant allusion to any thing else, physical or mechanical. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change* : when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now say it is *turned* : when water is *changed* or *turned* by frost, Shakspeare says, it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural state. JOHNS.——The meaning is this : Though the very waters, by thy agency, are forced, against the law of their nature, to *bend* from their stated level, yet thy sting occasions less anguish to man, than the ingratitude of those he befriended. HENLEY.

Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is:—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace. Enter Duke* FREDERICK, OLIVER, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F.

NOT see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument[7]
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle;[8] bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:[9]
Do this expediently,[1] and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

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[7] An *argument* is the *contents* of a book, thence Shakspeare considered it as meaning the *subject*, and then used it for *subject* in yet another sense. JOH.

[8] Alluding, probably, to *St. Luke's* Gospel, ch. xv. 8. STEEVENS.

[9] "To make an *extent* of lands," is a legal phrase, from the words of a writ (*extendi facias*) whereby the sheriff is directed to cause certain lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the person entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how soon the debt will be paid. MALONE.

[1] i. e. *expeditiously*. JOHNS.——*Expedient*, throughout our author's plays, signifies *expeditious*. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

The Forest. Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orla. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,[2] survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando ; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone ?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends :— That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn : That good pasture makes fat sheep ; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun : That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.[3] Wast ever in court, shepherd ?

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[2] Alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorial lines :

Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, superna feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis. JOHNSON.

[3] The shepherd had said all the philosophy he knew was the property of things, that *rain wetted, fire burnt*, &c. And the Clown's reply, in a satire on physics or natural philosophy, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely just. For the natural philosopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithstanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient* cause of things, as

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.[4]

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked: and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtiers hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in re-

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the rustic. It appears, from a thousand instances, that our poet was well acquainted with the physicks of his time; and his great penetration enabled him to see this remediless defect of it. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is responsible for the *quibble* only, let the commentator answer for the *refinement*. STEEVENS.

The Clown calls Corin a *natural philosopher*, because he reasons from his *observations on nature*. M. MASON.

[4] There is a proverb, that *a fool is the best roaster of an egg, because he is always turning it*. This will explain how an egg may be *damn'd all on one side*; but will not sufficiently show how Touchstone applies his simile with propriety. STEEVENS.

I believe there was nothing intended in the corresponding part of the simile, to answer to the words, "all on one side." Shakspeare's similes (as has been already observed) hardly ever run on four feet. Touchstone, I apprehend, only meant to say, that Corin is completely damned; as irretrievably destroyed as an egg that is utterly spoiled in the roasting, by being done all on one side only. So, in a subsequent scene, "and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse." Here the poet certainly meant that the speaker and his companion should sing in unison, and thus *resemble each other* as perfectly as two gypsies on a horse; not that two gypsies an a horse sing *both in a tune*. MAL.

spect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed!—Learn of the wise and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.[5]

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether;[6] and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

ROS. *From the east to western Ind,*
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,[7]
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.[8]

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:——

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[5] *Raw*, i.e. ignorant, unexperienced. MALONE.
[6] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the same meaning. JOHNSON.
[7] i. e. most fairly *delineated*. STEEVENS.
[8] "The right butter-wowan's *rank* to market" means the *jog-trot rate* (as it is vulgarly called) with which butter-women *uniformly* travel *one after another* in their road to market: in its application to Orlando's poetry, it means a *set* or *string* of verses in the *same coarse cadence* and *vulgar uniformity of rythm*. WHITER.

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sowrest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses; Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this desert silent be?*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.[9]

[9] The allusion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phrase in our author's time was "painted in *little*." MALONE.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd :
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart ;
Cleopatra's majesty ;
Atalanta's better part ;[1]
Sad Lucretia's modesty.[2]
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd ;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.[3]
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter !—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people !*

Cel. How now ! back friends ;—Shepherd, go off a little :—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat ; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exe.* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses ?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too ; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter ; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees ?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came ; for look here what I found on a palm-

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[1] I know not well what could be the *better part* of Atalanta here ascribed to Rosalind. Of the Atalanta most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the *better part* seems to have been her heels, and the worse part so bad that Rosalind would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure Atalanta, a huntress and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her better part. JOHNSON.

I think this stanza was formed on an old tetrastrick epitaph, which I have read in a country church-yard :

" She who is dead, and sleepeth in this tomb,
" Had Rachel's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb :
" Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open *heart*,
" And Martha's care, and Mary's *better part*." WHALLEY.

[2] *Sad,—grave, sober,* not *light.* [3] *Touches,—features ; les traits.* JOH.

tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.[4]

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthqukes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping![5]

Ros. Good my complexion![6] dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery.[7] I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

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[4] Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an *Irish rat*, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatises*. Dr. Gray has produced a similar passage from *Randolph*:

"———My poets
"Shall with a satire, steep'd in gall and vinegar,
"Rhyme them to death as they do *rats in Ireland*." JOHNSON.

[5] This appears to have been a phrase of the same import as another formerly in use, "out of all *cry*." The latter seems to allude to the custom of giving notice by a crier of things to be sold. MAL.——An *outcry* is still a provincial term for an *auction*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Good my complexion!* My native character, my female inquisitive disposition, canst thou endure this!—For thus characterizing the most beautiful part of the creation, let our poet answer. MALONE.

[7] *Every delay*, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of *discovery* on the *South-sea*. How much voyages to the South-sea, on which the English had then first ventured, engaged the conversation of that time, may be easily imagined. JOHNSON.

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledgde of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.[8]

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first:[9] 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, *ay*, and *no*, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the popositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Ce. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets very unseasonably.[1] He was furnish'd like a hunter.

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[8] ——*speak sad brow, and true maid*, i.e. speak with a grave countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin; speak seriously and honestly. RITSON.

[9] Rosalind requires nine questions to be answered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua the giant of Rabelais. JOHNS.——*Garagantua* swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a sallad. STEEVENS.

[1] *Holla* was a term of the manege, by which the rider restrained and *stopp'd* his horse. MAL.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orla. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,[2] from whence you have studied your questions.

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[2] This alludes to the fashion in old tapestry hangings, of mottos and moral sentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them. THEOBALD.

The rooms in public houses were usually hung with what Falstaff calls *water-work*. On these hangings, perhaps, moral sentences were depicted as issuing from the mouths of the different characters. STEEVENS.

I suppose Orlando means to say, that Jaques's questions have no more of novelty or shrewdness in them than the trite maxims of the painted cloth. The following lines, which are found in a book with this fantastic title,—*No whipping nor tripping, but a friendly kind of snipping*, 8vo. 1601, may serve as a specimen of painted cloth language:

"Read what is written on the *painted cloth*:
"Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor;
"Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,
"And ever have an eye unto the door;
"Trust not a fool, a villain, nor a whore;
"Go neat, not gay, and spend but as you spare;
"And turn the colt to pasture with the mare;" &c. MAL.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was looking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love. [*Exit.*

Orla. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy. [CEL. *and* ROS. *come forward.*

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orla. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a'clock?

Orla. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because

he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orla. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good council, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

z. What were his marks?
. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, inken; which you have not: an unquestionable[3]; which you have not: a beard neglected; which ave not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, aving in beard is a younger brother's revenue:— your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet un- d, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and thing about you demonstrating a careless desola- But you are no such man; you are rather point- in your accoutrements;[4] as loving yourself, than ig the lover of any other.
Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.
. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that re believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, o confess she does: that is one of the points in the women still give the lie to their consciences. But, I sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the wherein Rosalind is so admired?
. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of ad, I am that he, that unfortunate he.
. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak? Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.
Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, de- as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: e reason why they are not so punished and cured, the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.
. Did you ever cure any so?
Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to im- ne his love, his mistress; and I set him every day me: At which time would I, being but a moon- ith,[5] grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, ing; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant,

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. a mind not *inquisitive*, a mind indifferent to common objects, and of common occurrences. Here Shakspeare has used a passive for an de of speech: so, in a former scene, "the Duke is too *disputable* i. e. too disputatious. JOHNSON.
not mean, *unwilling to be conversed with?* CHAMIER.
amier is right in supposing that it means a spirit averse to conversa- the very next scene, Rosalind says—"I met the Duke yesterday much *question* with him." And in the last scene, Jaques de Boi he Duke was converted after some *question* with a religious man.' places, *question* means *discourse* or conversation. M. MASON.
st-device, i.e. exact, dress with finical nicety. MAL.
ish, i. e. variable. STEEVENS.

full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *at a distance, observing them.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:[6]—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

[6] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phrase *of the quarter of an hour of Rabelais:* who said, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside*]. A material fool![7]

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.[8] Is the single man therefore bless-

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reckoning and paying it. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are disposed to laugh. One of the company says a good thing: the jest is not taken; all are silent, and he who said it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the coming in of a *great reckoning*. WARBURTON.

[7] A fool with *matter* in him; a fool stocked with notions. JOHNSON.

[8] Lean, poor deer, are called rascal deer. HARRIS.

ed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a vi
lage, so is the forehead of a married man more honou
able than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by ho
much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a ho
more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes sir Oliver:[9]—sir Oliver Mar-text, you a
well met: Will you despatch us here under this tre
or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage
not lawful.

Jaq. [*discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'
give her.

Touch. Good even, good master *What ye call't:* Ho
do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you fo
your last company:[1] I am very glad to see you:—Even
toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curl
and the faulcon her bells, so man hath his desire; an
as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, b
married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to churcl
and have a good priest that can tell you what marriag
is: this fellow will but join you together as they joi
wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel
and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to b
married of him than of another: for he is not like t
marry me well; and not being well married, it will b
a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*As*

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver!

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[9] Degrees were at this time considered as the highest dignities; and i may not be improper to observe, that a clergyman, who hath not been edu cated at the Universities, is still distinguished in some parts of North Wale by the appellation of *Sir John, Sir William*, &c. Hence the Sir Hugh Evan of Shakspeare is not a Welsh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Wels clergyman without any regular degree from either of the Universities. Se Barrington's *History of the Guedir Family.* NICHOLS.

[1] *God'ild you*, i. e. God *yield* you, God reward you. STEEVENS.

Not—O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behi' thee ;[2]
But—Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding wi' thee.
[*Exe.* JAQUES, TOUCH. *and* AUD.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter ; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Before a Cottage. Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee ; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep ?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire ; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's : marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.[3]

Cel. An excellent colour : your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.[4]

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana : a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously[5] ; the very ice of chastity is in them.

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[2] Some words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

[3] There is much of nature in this petty perverseness of Rosalind ; she finds faults in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication. JOHNSON.

[4] We should read *beard*, i.e. as the kiss of an holy hermit, called the *kiss of charity*. This makes the comparison just and decent ; the other impious and absurd. WARBURTON.

[5] This is finely expressed. Shakspeare means an *unfruitful sisterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of the spring were the votaries of Venus ; those of summer the votaries of Ceres ; those of autumn, of Pomona ; so these of the *sisterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana ; called, *of winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account it is, that when the poet speaks of what is most *poor*, he instances it in *winter*, in these fine lines in *Othello* :

" But riches fineless is *as poor as winter*
" To him that ever fears he shall be poor."

The other property of winter, that made him term them of its sisterhood, is its coldness. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

" To be a *barren sister* all your life,
" Chanting faint hymns to the *cold fruitless* moon." WARBUR.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover[6]; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who come here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love

[6] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of courage or address. This happened when the horse flew on one side, in the career: and hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase of *spurring the horse only on one side*. Now as breaking the lance against his adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking *across* against his breast was, for the reason above, dishonourable. This is the allusion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the fashion (for *brave* is here used, as in other places, for fashionable) is represented either *unskilful* in courtship, or timorous. The lovers meeting or appointment corresponds to the tilter's career; and as the one breaks staves, the other breaks oaths.
WARB.

And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
Ros. O, come, let us remove ;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love :—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Forest. Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not, Phebe :
Say, that you love me not ; but say not so
In bitterness : The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon ; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *at a distance.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner ;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye :
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers !
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee ;
Now counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee :
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice[7] and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.
Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,)

[7] *Cicatrice* is here not very properly used ; it is the scar of a wound. *Capable impressure, hollow mark.* JOHNSON.

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.
Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time come
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.
Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who mi
be your mother,[8]
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have more beau
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:[9]—Od's my little life!
I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.[1]
So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.
Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year togethe

[8] It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying, of those w commit it, that they were born of rocks, or suckled by tigresses. JOHN

[9] i. e. Those works which nature makes up carelessly and without a actness. The allusion is to the practice of mechanics, whose *work* bespo is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance customers, or sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*. WARBURTO

[1] i.e. the ugly seem most ugly, when, *though* ugly, they are scoffers. JO

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill-will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.—[2]
Come, to our flock. [*Exe.* Ros. Cel. *and* Cor.

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?[3]

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; Is not that neighbourly

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man[4]

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[2] Though all mankind could look on you, none could be so *deceived* as to think you beautiful but he. JOHNSON.

[3] This line is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*. STEEV.

[4] Perhaps Shakspeare owed this image to the second chapter of *Ruth*:—"*Let fall* some handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them that she may *glean* them." STEEVENS.

That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere while ?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.[5]

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;
'Tis but a peevish boy :—yet he talks well ;—
But what care I for words ? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :—
But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes him ;
He'll make a proper man : The best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall ; yet for his years he's tall :
His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :
There was a pretty redness in his lip ;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.[6]
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me ?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :
I marvel, why I answer'd not again :
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it ; Wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight ;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart :
I will be bitter with him, and passing short :
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

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[5] *Carlot*, i. e. *peasant*, from *carl* or *churl*. DOUCE.

[6] "*Constant* red" is *uniform* red. "*Mingled* damask" is the silk of that name, in which, by a various direction of the threads, many lighter shades of the same colour are exhibited. STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Enter* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaques.

I PR'YTHEE, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice;[7] nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gon-

[7] *Nice*, i.e. silly, trifling. STEEVENS.

dola.[8]—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orla. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapt him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orla. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orla. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orla. How if the kiss be denied?

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[8] That is, *been at* Venice, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion.——The fashion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was considered by the wiser men as one of the principal causes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely censured by Ascham in his *Schoolmaster*, and by bishop Hall in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other passages, ridiculed by Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orla. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orla. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age,[9] found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind, in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

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[9] Sir T. Hanmer reads *coroners*, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of some anonymous critic. JOHNS.—The allusion is evidently to a coroner's inquest, which Rosalind supposes to have sat upon the body of Leander, who was drowned in crossing the Hellespont, and that their verdict was, that Hero of Sestos was the cause of his death. The word *found* was the legal term on such occasions. We say, that a jury *found* it lunacy, or *found* it manslaughter; and the verdict is called the *finding* of the jury. M. MASON.

Orla. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando :—What do you say, sister ?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—*Will you, Orlando,*—

Cel. Go to :—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind ?

Orla. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when ?

Orla. Why now ; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orla. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission ; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband : There's a girl goes before the priest ; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts ; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orla. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever : No, no, Orlando ; men are April when they woo, December when they wed : maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen ; more clamorous than a parrot against rain ; more new-fangled than an ape ; more giddy in my desires than a monkey : I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,[1] and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry ; I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.[2]

Orla. But will my Rosalind do so ?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orla. O, but she is wise.

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[1] The allusion is to the cross in Cheapside ; the religious images, with which it was ornamented, being defaced (as we learn from Stowe) in 1596 : "There was then set up, a curious wrought tabernacle of gray marble, and in the same an alabaster image of *Diana*, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breast." WHALLEY.

[2] The bark of the Hyena was anciently supposed to resemble a loud laugh. STEEVENS.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser the waywarder: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*[3]

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met you wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,[4] let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orla. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orla. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orla. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu! [*Ex.* ORLA.

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

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[3] This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him. STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. represent her fault as occasioned by her husband. JOHNSON.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest. Enter JAQUES *and Lords in the habit of Foresters.*

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. *What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?*
2. *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*
1. *Then sing him home:*
Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn; } The rest shall bear
It was a crest ere thou wast born. } this burden.
1. *Thy father's father wore it;*
2. *And thy father bore it:*
All. *The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,*
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Forest. Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth —to sleep : Look, who comes here ?

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth ;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this : [*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents ; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor : pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer ; bear this, bear all :
She says, I am not fair ; that I lack manners ;
She calls me proud ; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as Phœnix ; Od's my will !
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt :
Why writes she to me ?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents ;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand ; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands ;
She has a huswife's hand : but that's no matter ;
I say, she never did invent this letter ;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and cruel style,
A style for challengers ; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian : woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention ;
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance :—Will you hear the letter ?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet ;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me : Mark how the tyrant writes.

[Reads.] *Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?—

Can a woman rail thus ?

Sil. Call you this railing ?

Ros. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
War'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?—

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance[5] *to me.*—

Meaning me a beast.—

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,[6]) and say this to her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know,
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:

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[5] *Vengeance* is used for *mischief.* JOHNSON.

[6] This term was, in our author's time, frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow. MALONE.

But at this hour the house doth keep itself,[7]
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye doth profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: *The boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin; Are you he?
Ros. I am: What must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;

[7] i. e. passing by the rank of osiers, and *leaving* them on your right hand, you will reach the place. MAL.

And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.
Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling,[8]
From miserable slumber I awak'd.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—
Oli. By, and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede?—sweet Ganymede?
[ROSALIND *faints*.
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

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[8] To *hurtle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book I. c. viii.
"Came *hurtling* in full fierce, and forc'd the knight retire." STEEV.

Cel. There is more in it :—Cousin—Ganymede ![9]

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither :—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth :—You a man ?—you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited : I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho !—

Oli. This was not counterfeit ; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do : but, i'faith I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler ; pray you, draw homewards :—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something : But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him :—Will you go ? [*Exe.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touchstone.

WE shall find a time, Audrey ; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis ; he hath no interest in me in the world : here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown : By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for ; we shall be flouting ; we cannot hold.

[9] Celia, in her first fright, forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*, then recollects herself, and says, Ganymede. JOHNSON.

Wil. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Wil. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Wil. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Wil. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest here?

Wil. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. *Thank God;*—a good answer: Art rich?

Wil. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. *So, so*, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Wil. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher,[1] when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Wil. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Wil. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Wil. Which he, sir?

Tou. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poi-

[1] This was designed as a sneer on the several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their lives, such as Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wise sayings*. WARBURTON.

son with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Wil. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orla. Is't possible,[2] that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? And will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orla. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his

[2] Shakspeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deserting his original. In Lodge's novel, the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to steal her away, and to give her to the king for a present, hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumstance, the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed. Our author's acquaintance, however, with the manners of heroines in romances, perhaps rendered him occasionally inattentive, as in the present instance, to probability. In *The Sowdon of Babyloyne* I find the following very singular confession from the mouth of a Princess:

"Be ye not the duke of Burgoyne sir Gy,
"Nevewe unto king Charles so fre?
"Noe, certes lady, it is not I,
"It is yonder knight that ye may see.
"A, him have *I loved many a day,*
"*And yet know I him noght,*
"For his love I do all that I maye,
"To chere you with dede and thought." P. 47. STEEVENS.

contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—*I came, saw,* and *overcame:* For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in

this art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.[3]

Orla. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician:[4] Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study,
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orla. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

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[3] i. e. not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. JOHNSON.

[4] Hence it appears this was written in James's time, when there was a severe inquisition after witches and magicians. WARBURTON.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Ros.

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* PHE.

Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, *why blame you me to love you?*

Orla. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, if I can [*To* SILVIUS.]—I would love you, if I could; [*To* PHEBE.]—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To* PHEBE] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow.—I will satisfy you, [*To* ORLANDO] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*To* SILVIUS] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you love Rosalind, meet; [*To* ORLANDO]—As you love Phebe, meet; [*To* SILVIUS.]—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and, I hope, it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.[5] Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

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[5] To *go to the world*, is to be married. An anonymous writer supposes, that in this phrase there is an allusion to St. *Luke's* Gospel, xx. 34: "The children of this *world marry*, and are given in marriage." STEEVENS.

SONG.

1.

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

2.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

3.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

4.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no greater matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 *Page.* You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes ; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you ; and God mend your voices !—Come, Audrey. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Forest. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised ?

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not ; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience, once more, whiles our compact is urg'd :—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the*
You will bestow her on Orlando here.

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to giv
her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I
her? [*To* ORL.

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms kin

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?
[*To* P

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she wi
[*To* SIL

Sil. Though to have her and death were bot
thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter e
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daught
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter :—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me ;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd :—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me :—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. [*Exe.* ROS. *and*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My lord, the first time that I ever saw hi
Methought he was a brother to your daughter :
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born ;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and
couples are coming to the ark ! Here comes a p
very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all !

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome ; This
motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often n
the forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me t
purgation. I have trod a measure ; I have flatte

lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous.* If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the *Quip modest.* If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is call'd the *Reply churlish.* If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is called the *Reproof valiant.* If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome:* and so to the *Lie circumstantial,* and the *Lie direct.*

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no farther than the *Lie circumstantial,* nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct;* and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book ;[6] as you have books for good manners :[7] I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous ; the second, the Quip modest ; the third, the Reply churlish ; the fourth, the Reproof valiant ; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome ; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance ; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct ; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel ; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as *If you said so, then I said so* ; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker ; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN,[8] *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes ; and* CELIA. *Still Music.*

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither ;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

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[6] The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address : nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his Clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Salviolo, entitled, *Of Honour and honourable Quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, *A discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the* Duello *and the* Combat *in divers Forms doth ensue ; and many other Inconveniences, for lack only of true Knowledge of Honour, and the* right Understanding of Words, *which here is set down.* The contents of the several chapters are as follows :—I. *What the Reason is that the Party unto whom the Lie is given ought to become Challenger, and of the Nature of Lies.* II. *Of the Manner and Diversity of Lies.* III. *Of Lies certain,* [or direct.] IV. *Of conditional Lies,* [or the lie circumstantial.] V. *Of the Lie in general.* VI. *Of the Lie in particular.* VII. *Of foolish Lies.* VIII. *A Conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the Lie,* [or the countercheck quarrelsome.] In the chapter of *conditional Lies*, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, "—Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these wordes :—*if* thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest ; or *if* thou sayest so hereafter thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[*To Duke S.*
—To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To* ORLA.
Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
Orla. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.
Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then,—my love adieu!
Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he: [*To Duke S.*
—I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [*To* ORLA.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To* PHEBE.
Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part:
[*To* ORLANDO *and* ROSALIND.
—You and you are heart in heart:
[*To* OLIVER *and* CELIA.
—You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord: [*To* PHEBE.
—You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather. [*To* TOU. & AUD.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

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wordes,—whereof no sure conclusion can arise." By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reason of Shakspeare making theClown say, "I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*; as, *if you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*." Caranza was another of these authentic authors upon the Duello. Fletcher, in his last Act of *Love's Pilgrimage*, ridicules him with much humour. WARBURTON.

[7] One of these books I have. It is entitled, *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children*, with *stans puer ad mensam*; 12mo. black letter, without date. STEEVENS.

Another is, *Galateo of Maister John Casa, Archbishop of Benevento; or rather, a Treatise of the Manners and Behaviours it behoveth a Man to use and eschewe in his familiar Conversation. A work very necessary and profitable for all Gentlemen or other*; translated from the Italian, by Robert Peterson, 4to. 1576. REED.

[8] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen. JOHNSON.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [*To* SIL.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two;
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,[9]
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

[9] In Lodge's novel the usurping Duke is not diverted from his purpose by the pious counsel of a hermit, but is subdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of Rosader (the Orlando of this play) to assist him in the recovery of his right. STEEVENS.

According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry :——
Play, music ;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience ; If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath : [*To Duke S.*
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it :—
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit :
[*To* ORLANDO.
—You to your land, and love, and great allies : [*To* OLI.
—You to a long and well-deserved bed : [*To* SILV.
—And you to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage
[*To* TOUCH.
Is but for two months victuall'd :—So to your pleasures ;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I :—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.[9] [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we will begin these rites,
And we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[*A Dance.*

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[9] Amidst this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unreconciled to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensibility the space allotted to him in the play, and preserves that respect to the last, which is due to him as a consistent character, and an amiable though solitary moralist.

It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakspeare has, on this occasion, forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master. STEEVENS.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam is forgotten ; since, at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captaine of the king's guard.* FARMER.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*,[1] 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman,[2] I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

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[1] It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. I suppose *ivy* was rather chosen than any other plant, as it has relation to Bacchus. STEEVENS.

The practice is still observed in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, at statute-hirings, wakes, &c. by people who sell ale at no other time. And hence, I suppose, the *Bush* tavern at Bristol, and other places. RITSON.

[2] Note, that in this author's time, the parts of women were always performed by men or boys. HANMER.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT II. Scene IV.

Oberon. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

OBSERVATIONS.

THIS play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 8, 1600, by Thomas Fisher. It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*.

There is an old black letter pamphlet by W. Bettie, called *Titana and Theseus*, entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1608; but Shakspeare has taken no hints from it. *Titania* is also the name of the Queen of the Fairies in Decker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607. STEEVENS.

Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great. JOHNSON.

Johnson's concluding observation on this play, is not conceived with his usual judgment. There is no analogy or resemblance whatever between the Fairies of Spenser, and those of Shakspeare. The Fairies of Spenser, as appears from his description of them in the second book of the Fairy Queen, canto x. were a race of mortals created by Prometheus, of the human size, shape, and affections, and subject to death. But those of Shakspeare, and of common tradition, as Johnson calls them, were a diminutive race of sportful beings, endowed with immortality and supernatural power, totally different from those of Spenser. M. MASON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, *duke of Athens.*
EGEUS, *father to Hermia.*
LYSANDER, } *in love with Hermia.*
DEMETRIUS, }
PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to Theseus.*
QUINCE, *the carpenter.*
SNUG, *the joiner.*
BOTTOM, *the weaver.*
FLUTE, *the bellows-mender.*
SNOUT, *the tinker.*
STARVELING, *the tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*
HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*
HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OBERON, *king of the fairies.*
TITANIA, *queen of the fairies.*
PUCK, *or* ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, *a fairy.*
PEAS-BLOSSOM, }
COBWEB, }
MOTH, } *Fairies.*
MUSTARD-SEED, }
PYRAMUS, }
THISBE, }
WALL, } *Characters in the interlude, performed by the Clowns.*
MOONSHINE, }
LION, }

Other Fairies, attending their king and queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE, Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Athens. A Room in the Palace of* THESEUS. *Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and Attendants.*

Theseus.

NOW, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Ex* PHIL.
—Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
—Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her:
—Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:

—Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.[1]

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befal me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death,[2] or to abjure

---

[1] By a law of Solon, parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children. So it suited the poet's purpose well enough to suppose the Athenians had it before. Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter. WARBURTON.

[2] Shakspeare employs this scriptural expression in King John; and I meet with it again in the 2d part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon. STEEVENS.

For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, with'ring on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity, and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,

Upon this spotted and inconstant man.[3]

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
—For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
—Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love?
—Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire, we follow you.

[*Exe.* THES. HIP. EGEUS, DEM. *and train*

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale:
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem[4] them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood;—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;—

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,[5]

---

[3] As *spotless* is innocent, so *spotted* is wicked. JOHNSON.

[4] Give them, bestow upon them. The word is used by Spenser. JOH

"So would I, said the enchanter, glad and fain
"*Beteem* to you his sword, you to defend." *Fairy Queen.*

But I rather think that to *beteem*, in this place, signifies (as in the norther counties) to *pour out*; from *tomner*. Danish. STEEVENS.

[5] *Collied*, i.e. black, smutted with coal, a word still used in the midlan counties. STEEVENS.

That, in a spleen, unfolds[6] both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—*Behold!*
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves:
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow, truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

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[6] Though the word *spleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakspeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, assumes every now and then an uncommon license in the use of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is usual with him to employ one, only to express a very few *ideas* of that number of which it is composed. Thus, wanting here to express the ideas—of a sudden, or—*in a trice*, he uses the word *spleen*; which, partially considered, signifying a hasty sudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller signification of the word. Here, he uses the word *spleen* for a *sudden hasty fit*; so just the contrary, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uses *sudden* for *splenetic*: "*sudden quips*." And it must be owned this sort of conversation adds a force to the diction. WARBURTON.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-stars;[7] and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so![8]
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch you tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.[9]
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,[1]
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell!
Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow-night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watry glass,

---

[7] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode-star is the *leading* or guiding star, that is, the pole-star. The magnet is, for the same reason, called the *lode-stone*, either because it leads iron, or because it leads the sailor. Davies calls Queen Elizabeth:
"*Lode-stone* to hearts, and *lode-stone* to all eyes." JOHNSON.

[8] *Favour* is *feature, countenance.* STEEVENS.

[9] To *translate*, here signifies to *change*, to *transform*. STEEVENS.

[1] Perhaps every reader may not discover the propriety of these lines Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to consider the power of pleasing, as an advantage to be much envied or much desired, since Hermia, whom she considers as possessing it in the supreme degree, has found no other effect o it than the loss of happiness. JOHNSON.

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet :[2]
There my Lysander and myself shall meet :
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow ; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius !
—Keep word, Lysander : we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight. [*Exit.*
Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu :
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you ! [*Exit.*
Hel. How happy some, o'er other some can be !
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not so ;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind :
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste ;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste :
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where :
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,[3]
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine ;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight :
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her ; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense :

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[2] Mr. Heath observes, that our author seems to have had the following passage in the 55th Psalm, (v. 14, 15,) in his thoughts : "But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. We took *sweet counsel* together, and walked in the house of God as friends." MAL.

[3] *Eyne*—This plural is common both in Chaucer and Spenser. STEEV.

But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in a Cottage. Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, *and* STARVELING.[4]

Quin. Is all your company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.[5]

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.[6]

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll:—Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure.[7] To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

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[4] In this scene Shakspeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first steps upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in the tiring-room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is therefore desirous to play Pyramus, Thisby, and the Lion, at the same time. JOHNSON.

[5] A *scrip*, Fr. *escript*, now written *ecrit*. STEEVENS.

[6] This is very probably a burlesque on the *title-page* of *Cambyses*: "A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant Mirth," &c. STEEV.

[7] When we use this verb at present, we put *with* before the person for whose misfortune we profess concern. Anciently it seems to have been employed without it. STEEV.

" The raging rocks,
" With shivering shocks,
" Shall break the locks
" Of prison-gates :
" And Phibbus' car
" Shall shine from far,
" And make and mar
" The foolish fates."

This was lofty !—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein ; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby ? a wandering knight ?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman ; I have a beard a coming.

Quin. That's all one ; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.[8]

Bot. An' I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too : I'll speak in a monstrous little voice ;—*Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear ; thy Thisby dear ! and lady dear !*

Quin. No, no ; you must play Pyramus ;—and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

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[8] This passage shows how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a lady's dress so much in use, that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene : and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone, might play the woman very successfully. It is observed in Downes's *Roscius Anglicanus*, that Kynaston, one of these counterfeit heroines, moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson here seems to have quoted from memory. Downes does not speak of Kynaston's performance in such unqualified terms. His words are : "It has since been disputable, whether any women that succeeded him, (Kynaston,) so sensibly touched the audience as he." REED.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.[9]

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, Let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.[1]

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.[2]

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and

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[9] *Study* is still the cant term used in a theatre for getting any nonsense by rote. Hamlet asks the player if he can "*study* a speech." STEEV.

[1] *An* means *as if*. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:—"He will weep you, *an* 'twere a man born in April." STEEVENS.

[2] Here Bottom again discovers a true genius for the stage by his solicitude for propriety of dress, and his deliberation which beard to choose among many beards, all unnatural. JOHNSON.

our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings.[3] [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Wood near Athens. Enter a Fairy at one door, and* PUCK *at another.*

Puck.

HOW now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moone's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:[4]
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;[5]

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[3] This proverbial phrase came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word, that their *bow-strings* were *broke*, i.e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially—*hold, or cut bow-strings*—i.e. whether the bow-string held or broke. Fot *cut* is used as a neuter, like the verb *fret*. As when we say, the *string frets*, the *silk frets*, for the passive, *it is cut*, or *fretted*. WARB.

This interpretation is very ingenious, but somewhat disputable. The excuse made by the militia soldiers is a mere supposition, without proof; and it is well known that while *bows* were in use, no archer ever entered the field without a supply of *strings* in his pocket; whence originated the proverb, *to have two strings to one's bow*. STEEVENS.

To meet, *whether bow-strings hold or are cut*, is to meet in all events. To cut the bowstring, when bows were in use, was probably a common practice of those who bore enmity to the archer. "He hath twice or thrice *cut* Cupid's *bowstring*, (says Don Pedro in *Much Ado about Nothing*.) and the little hangman dare not shoot at him." MAL.

[4] The *orbs* here mentioned are circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairies' care to water them. Thus, Drayton:

"They in their courses make that *round*,
"In meadows and in marshes found,
"Of them so called the fairy ground." JOHNSON.

[5] This was said in consequence of Queen Elizabeth's fashionable establishment of a band of military courtiers, by the name of *pensioners*. They were some of the handsomest and *tallest* young men, of the best families and

In their gold coats spots you see ;[6]
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours :
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone ;[7]
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night ;
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king ;
She never had so sweet a changeling :[8]
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild :
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy :
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square ;[9] that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd *Robin Good-fellow* :[1] are you not he,

---

fortune, that could be found. Hence, says Mrs. Quickly, in *The Merry Wives*, " —and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, *pensioners*." They gave the modes of dress and diversions.—They accompanied the Queen in her progress to Cambridge, where they held staff-torches at a play on Sunday evening, in King's College Chapel. T. WARTON.

[6] Shakspeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the same red spots :

" *A mole cinque-spotted like the crimson* drops
" *I'the bottom of a cowslip.*" PERCY.

[7] *Lob, lubber, looby, lobcock*, all denote both inactivity of body and dulness of mind. JOHNSON.

[8] *Changeling* is commonly used for the child supposed to be left by the fairies, but here for a child taken away. JOHNSON.

It is *here* properly used, and in its *common acceptation* ; i.e. for a *child given in exchange* A fairy is now speaking. RITSON.

[9] *Sheen*, shining, bright, gay. To *square* here is to quarrel. The French word *contrecarrer* has the same meaning JOHNSON.

It is somewhat whimsical, that the glasiers use the words *square* and *quarrel* as synonymous terms for a pane of glass. BLACKSTONE.

[1] This account of Robin Good-fellow corresponds, in every article, with that given of him in Harsenet's *Declaration*, ch. xx. p. 143. " And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Sisse, the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peeter-penny, or an housle-egge were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid,

That fright the maidens of the villagery ;
Skim milk ; and sometimes labour in the quern,[2]
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn ;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm ;[3]
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,[4]
You do their work, and they shall have good luck :
Are not you he ?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright ;[5]
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab ;[6]
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough ;[7]
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe ;

—then 'ware of bull-beggars, spirits," &c. He is mentioned by Cartwright as a spirit particularly fond of disconcerting and disturbing domestic peace and economy. T. WARTON.

[2] A *Quern* is a hand-mill, kuerna, *mola*, Islandic. STEEVENS.

[3] *Barme* is a name for *yeast*, yet used in our midland counties, and universally in Ireland. STEEVENS.

[4] To those traditionary opinions Milton has reference in *L'Allegro :* and a like account of Puck is given by Drayton, in his *Nymphidia.*—— It will be apparent to him that shall compare Drayton's poem with this play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then some system of the fairy empire generally received, which they both represented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakspeare wrote first, I cannot discover. JOHNSON.

——*sweet* Puck]—The epithet is by no means superfluous ; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It signified nothing better than *fiend* or *devil*. It seems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke, puken* ; Sathanas, *Gudm. And. Lexicon Island.* TYRWHITT.

[5] It seems that in the fairy mythology, Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the servant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakspeare, Titania. For in Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the same fairies are engaged in the same business. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen ; Oberon being jealous, sends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs opposes him by a spell. JOHNSON.

[6] i. e. a wild apple of that name. STEEVENS.

[7] The custom of crying *tailor* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair falls as a tailor squats on his board. JOHNSON.

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
—But room, Faery,[8] here comes Oberon.
Fai. And here my mistress :—'Would that he were gone !

SCENE II.

Enter OBERON, *at one door, with his train, and* TITANIA, *at another, with her's.*

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.
Tita. What, jealous Oberon ?—Fairy, skip hence ;
I have forsworn his bed and company.
Ob. Tarry, rash wanton ; Am not I thy lord ?
Tita. Then I must be thy lady : But I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn,[1] and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India ?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded ; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Ob. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night[2]

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[8] The word Fairy, or Faery, was sometimes of three syllables, as often in Spenser. JOHNSON.

[9] As to the *Fairy Queen*, (says Mr. Warton, in his *Observations on Spenser*,) considered apart from the race of fairies, Chaucer, in his *Rime of Sir Thopas*, mentions her, together with a Fairy land. Again, in the *The Wif of Bathes Tale*, v. 6439 :

" In old days of the king Artour,
" Of which that Bretons spoken gret honour ;
" All was this lond fulfilled of faerie ;
" The *Elf-queene*, with hire joly compagnie
" Danced ful oft in many a grene mede :
" This was the old opinion as I rede." STEEVENS.

[1] Richard Brathwaite, (*Strappado for the Devil*, 1615,) has a poem addressed " To the queen of harvest, &c. much honoured by the reed, *corn-pipe*, and whistle :" and it must be remembered, that the shepherd boys of Chaucer's time, had—

" .....many a floite and litling horne,
" And *pipes made of greene corne*." RITSON.

[2] The *glimmering night* is the night *faintly illuminated with stars*. STEEVENS.

From Perigenia, whom he ravished ?[3]
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa ?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy :
And never, since the middle summer's spring,[4]
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain,[5] or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs ; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river[6] made so proud,
That they have over-borne their continents :[7]
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat ; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard :
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock ;[8]

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[3] Thus all the editors ; but our author, who diligently perused Plutarch, and gleaned from him, where his subject would admit, knew, from the life of *Theseus*, that her name was Perygine, (or Perigune,) by whom Theseus had his son Menalippus. She was the daughter of Sinnis, a cruel robber, and tormenter of passengers in the Isthmus. Plutarch and Athenæus are both express in the circumstance of Theseus' ravishing her. THEOBALD.

Ægle. Ariadne, and Antiopa, were all at different times mistresses to Theseus. See Plutarch.

Theobald cannot be blamed for his emendation ; and yet it is well known that our ancient authors, as well as the French and the Italians, were not scrupulously nice about proper names, but almost always corrupted them. STEEVENS.

[4] By the *middle summer's spring*, our author seems to mean the *beginning* of *middle* or *mid* summer. *Spring*, for *beginning*, he uses again in *King Henry IV.* Part II.

"As flaws congealed in the *spring* of day :"

which expression has authority from the scripture, St. Luke, i. 78 : "whereby the day-*spring* from on high hath visited us." STEEVENS.

[5] A fountain laid round the edge with stone. JOHNSON.

The epithet seems here intended to mean no more than that the beds of these fountains were covered with pebbles, in opposition to those of the rushy brooks which are oozy. HENLEY.

[6] Thus the quartos : the folio reads, *petty*. Shakspeare has in *Lear* the same word, *low pelting farms*. The meaning is plainly, *despicable, mean, sorry, wretched* ; but as it is a word without any reasonable etymology, I should be glad to dismiss it for *petty* : yet it is undoubtedly right. We have "*petty pelting officer*" in *Measure for Measure*. JOHNSON.

[7] Borne down the banks that contained them. So, in *Lear* :

"——close pent up guilts,
"Rive your concealing *continents*." JOHNSON.

[8] The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. STEEVENS.

The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud ;[9]
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,[1]
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable :
The human mortals want their winter here ;[2]
No night is now with hymn or carol blest :—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound :[3]
And thorough this distemperature,[4] we see
The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set :[5] The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn,[6] angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries ; and the 'mazed world,

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[9] In that part of Warwickshire where Shakspeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire, the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consists of a square, sometimes only a foot diameter, sometimes 3 or 4 yards. Within this is another, every side of which is a parallel to the external square; and these squares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both squares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner square is called the pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. These figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Merrils*; and are so called, because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be *choaked up with mud*. JAMES.

[1] This alludes to a sport still followed by boys ; i. e. what is now called *running the figure of eight*. STEEV.

[2] The confusion of seasons here described, is no more than a poetical account of the weather, which happened in England about the time when this play was first published. For this information I am indebted to chance, which furnished me with a few leaves of an old meteorological history. STE.

[3] *Rheumatic diseases* signified in Shakspeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatism*, but distillations from the head, catarrhs, &c. MALONE.

[4] i.e. this *perturbation* of the elements. STEEV.
By *distemperature*, I imagine is meant, in this place, the perturbed state in which the king and queen had lived for some time past. MAL.

[5] This singular image was, I believe, suggested to our poet by Golding's translation of Ovid, Book II :

" And lastly, quaking for the colde, stood *Winter* all forlorne,
" With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all to torne,
" Forladen with isycles, that dangled up and downe
" Upon his gray and *hoarie beard*, and snowie *frozen crown*." MAL.

[6] The *childing autumn* is the *pregnant* autumn, *frugifer autumnus*. STE.
Childing is an old term of botany, when a small flower grows out of a large one ; " the *childing* autumn," therefore means the autumn which unseasonably produces flowers on those of summer. Florists have also a *childing* daisy, and a *childing* scabious. HOLT WHITE.

By their increase,[7] now knows not which is which:]
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissention;
We are the parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.[8]

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
(Following her womb, then rich with my young 'squire,)
Would imitate; and sail upon the land
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away:
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.
[*Exe.* TITA. *and her Train.*

Ob. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.

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[7] i.e. *By their produce.* JOHNS.——The expression is scriptural: "Then shall the earth bring forth her *increase*, and God, even our God, shall give us his blessing." *Psalm* lxvii. MAL.

[8] Page of honour. This office was abolished by queen Elizabeth. GREY. Upon the establishment of the houshold of Edward IV. were "*henxmen six enfants, or more, as it pleyseth the king, eatinge in the halle,* &c. There was also *a maister of the henxmen, to shewe them the schoole of nurture, and learne them to ride, to wear their harnesse; to have all curtesie—to teach them all languages, and other virtues, as harping, pipynge, singing, dauncing, with honest behaviours of temperaunce and patyence.*" MS. Harl. 293. TYRWHITT.

—My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.[9]

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[9] ——————————*thou remember'st*
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.]

The first thing observable on these words is, that this action of the *mermaid* is laid in the same time and place with Cupid's attack upon the vestal By the *vestal* every one knows is meant Queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reasonable then to think, that the *mermaid* stands for some eminent personage of her time. And if so, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of satire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude, that this person was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to speak openly, either in praise or dispraise. All this agrees with Mary queen of Scots, and with no other. Queen Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her successor would not forgive her satyrist. But the poet has so well marked out every distinguishing circumstance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning. She is called, *mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea, and 2. her beauty, and intemperate lust:

"————Ut turpiter atrum
"Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne."

For as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a *vestal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *mermaid*. 3. An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, Epis. 41. that the Syrens (which, with all the modern poets, are mermaids) contended for precedency with the Muses, who, overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause, and the same issue.

——*on a dolphin's back,*] This evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, son of Henry II.

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while she was in that court, she pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with so much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;] By the *rude sea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean: which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in France. But her return home presently quieted those disorders; and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms.

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.] This concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the English nobility, whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres:* By which he meant the

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon ;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.[1]

---

earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who fell in her quarrel ; and principally the great duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction by her songs. To which opinion Shakspeare alludes in his *Comedy of Errors* :

> "O train me not, sweet *mermaid, with thy note,*
> To *drown me* in thy sister's flood of tears."

On the whole, it is the noblest and justest allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the speaker. And on these occasions Shakspeare always excels himself. He is borne away by the magic of his enthusiasm, and hurries his reader along with him into these ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verse, which we may well fancy to be like what,

> "——Olim fauni vatesque canebant." WARBURTON.

Every reader may be induced to wish that the foregoing allusion, pointed out by so acute a critic as Dr. Warburton, should remain uncontroverted ; and yet I cannot dissemble my doubts concerning it.—Why is the *thrice-married* Queen of Scotland styled a Sea-*maid ?* and is it probable that Shakspeare (who understood his own political as well as poetical interest) should have ventured such a panegyric on this ill-fated Princess, during the reign of her rival Elizabeth ? If it was unintelligible to his audience, it was thrown a way ; if obvious, there was danger of offence to her Majesty.

"A star dis-orb'd," however, (See *Troilus and Cressida,*) is one of our author's favourite images : and he has no where else so happily expressed it as in *Antony ann Cleopatra :*

> "——the good *stars* that were my former guides,
> "*Have empty left their orbs,* and *shot* their fires
> "Into th' abysm of hell."

To these remarks may be added others of a like tendency, which I met with in *The Edinburgh Magazine*. Nov. 1786.—"That a compliment to Queen Elizabeth was intended in the expression of the *fair Vestal throned in the West*, seems to be generally allowed ; but how far Shakspeare designed, under the image of the Mermaid, to figure Mary Queen of Scots, is more doubtful. If by the *rude sea grew civil at her song*, is meant, as Dr. Warburton supposes, that the tumults of Scotland were appeased by her address, the observation is not true ; for that *sea* was in a storm during the whole of Mary's reign. Neither is the figure just, if by the *stars shooting madly from their spheres to hear the sea-maid's music*, the poet alluded to the fate of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and particularly of the Duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with Mary was the occasion of his ruin. It would have been absurd and irreconcileable to the good sense of the poet, to have represented a nobleman *aspiring* to marry a Queen, by the image of a star *shooting* or *descending* from its sphere." STEEVENS.

[1] i. e. exempt from the power of love. STEEVENS.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.[2]
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee once ;
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here ? I am invisible ;[3]
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia ?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood[4] within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant ;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart

---

[2] The flower or violet, commonly called pansies, or heart's ease, is named *love-in-idleness* in Warwickshire, and in Lyte's *Herbal*. There is a reason why Shakspeare says it is "now *purple* with love's wound," because one or two of its petals are of a purple colour. TOLLET.

[3] I thought proper here to observe, that, as Oberon and Puck his attendant may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering ; they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play ; and to mix, as they please, as spirits, with the other actors ; and embroil the plot, by their interposition, without being seen, or heard, but when to their own purpose. THEOBALD.

[4] *Wood*, or *mad*, wild, raving. POPE.

Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.
Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used as you use your dog?
Dem. Tempt not so much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:[5]
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

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[5] This passage is paraphrased from two lines of an ancient poet (Tibullus)
"——Tu nocte vel atra
"Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis." JOHNSON.

As the works of King David might be more familiar to Shakspeare than Roman poetry, perhaps, on the present occasion, the 11th verse of the 139th Psalm was in his thoughts: "Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day." STEEV.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as many men do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.
[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* HEL.
Ob. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
Puck. Ay, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips[5] and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.[6]
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.
Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.
[*Exeunt.*

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[5] The *oxlip* is the greater *cowslip*. STEEVENS.

[6] —*the* man—*had* on.] I desire no surer evidence to prove that the broad Scotch pronunciation once prevailed in England, than such a rhyme as the first of these words affords to the second. STEEV.

SCENE III.

Another part of the Wood. Enter TITANIA, *with her Train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel,[7] and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;[8]
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,[9]
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

1 Fai. *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,*[1]
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;[2]
Come not near our fairy queen:
Chorus. *Philomel, with melody,*
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 Fai. *Weaving spiders, come not here;*
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.
Chorus. *Philomel, with melody, &c.*

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[7] A *roundel* is a dance in a ring. GRAY.

[8] Dr. Warburton reads:—*for the third part of the* midnight.—But the persons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a *minute* might not be a very short time to do such work in. The critick might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy bestows on the *cowslip*. But Shakspeare, through the play, has preserved the proportion of other things in respect of these tiny beings, compared with whose size, a cowslip might be tall, and to whose powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age. STEEVENS.

[9] A *rere-mouse* is a bat, a *mouse* that raises itself from the ground by the aid of wings. STEEVENS.

[1] By both these terms, I suppose, our author means—*forked*; as the tongues of snakes are sometimes represented in ancient tapestry and paintings, and, it may be added, are so in nature. STEEVENS.

[2] The *newt* is the *eft*, the *blind-worm* is the *Cæcilia* or *slow-worm*. They are both ingredients in the cauldron of *Macbeth*. See *Macbeth* Act IV. sc. I. STEEVENS.

1 *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand centinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies.* TITANIA *sleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on* TITANIA'*s eye-lids.*
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce,[2] or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.[3]
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart can we make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew[4] my manners, and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.

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[2] The ounce is a small tiger, or tiger-cat. JOHNSON.

[3] The idea is exactly similar to that of St. Paul: "Love thinketh no evil." HENLEY.

[4] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a sinister wish, and means the same as if she had said "now *ill befall* my manners," &c. STEEVENS.

See Minshen's etymology of it, which seems to be an imprecation or wish of such evil to one, as the venomous biting of the *shrew-mouse.* TOLLET.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy,
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor, and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
[*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
So wake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. [*Exit.*

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chace!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oft'ner wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear:

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
—But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.
[*Waking.*

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says, you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will.[5]
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.[6]
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;

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[5] That is, My will now follows reason. JOHNSON.

[6] *Gentleness* is equivalent to what, in modern language, we should call the *spirit of a gentleman.* PERCY.

And never may'st thou come Lysander near;
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*

Her. [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!——what a dream was here?
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:—
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*
Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.[7]

Bottom.

ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

[7] In the time of Shakspeare there were many companies of players, sometimes five at the same time, contending for the favour of the public. Of these some were undoubtedly very unskilful and very poor, and it is probable that the design of this scene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival house, and is therefore honoured with an ass's head. JOHNSON.

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'rlakin, a parlous fear.[8]

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed, indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.[9]

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[8] By our *lady-kin*, or *little lady*; as *ifakin* is a corruption of *by my faith*. *Parlous*, a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. STEEVENS.

[9] There are probably many temporary allusions to particular incidents and characters scattered through our author's plays, which gave a poignancy to certain passages, while the events were recent, and the persons pointed at yet living.—In the speech now before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before Queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuscript collection of anecdotes, stories, &c entitled, *Merry Passages and Jeasts*, MS. *Harl.* 6395: "There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others *Harry Goldingham* was to represent *Arion* upon the

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine, that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast, about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake;[1] and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,*—

Quin. Odours, odours.

---

dolphin's backe; but finding his voice to be verye hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and *swears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham*; which blunt discoverie pleased the queene better than if it had gone through in the right way," &c. MALONE.

[1] *Brake* in the west of England is used to express a large extent of ground overgrown with furze, and appears both here and in the next scene to convey the same idea. HENLEY.

Pyr. ——*odours savours sweet :*
So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—
But, hark, a voice ! stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit* PYR.
Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here !
[*Aside. Exit.*

This. Must I speak now ?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you : for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man : Why you must not speak that yet ; that you answer to Pyramus : you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter ; your cue is past ;[2] it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

This. O,—*as true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine :—

Quin. O monstrous ! O strange ! we are haunted. Pray, masters ! fly, masters ! help ! [*Exe. Clowns.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier ;
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire ;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away ? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.[3]

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom ! thou art changed ! what do I see on thee ?

Bot. What do you see ? you see an ass's head of your own ; Do you ?

---

[2] A *cue*, in stage cant, is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next. STEEVENS.

[3] *Afear* is from *to fear*, by the old form of the language, as *an hangred*, from *to hunger*. So *a dry* for *thirsty*. JOHNSON.

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[*Sings.*

The ousel-cock,[4] *so black of hue,*
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? [*Waking.*

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,*
The plain-song cuckoo gray,[5]
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek,[6] upon occasion.

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[4] The *ouzel cock* is generally understood to be the cock blackbird. STEE.

The *Ousel* differs from the *Black-bird* by having a white crescent upon his breast, and is besides rather larger. See Lewin's *English Birds*. DOUCE.

[5] That is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of strains, sings in *plain song*, or in *plano cantu*; by which expression the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently distinguished, in opposition to *prick-song*, or variegated music sung by note. Skelton introduces the birds singing the different parts of the service of the funeral of his favourite sparrow: among the rest is the cuckoo. T. WARTON.

[6] *Gleek* was originally a game at cards. The word is often used by other ancient comic writers, in the same sense as by our author. Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Flodden*, that, in the North, to *gleek* is to *deceive* or *beguile*; and that the reply made by the queen of the fairies, proves this to be the meaning of it. STEEV.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.
Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.
Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
—Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.
2 *Fai.* And I.
3 *Fai.* And I.
4 *Fai.* Where shall we go?
Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,[7]
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,[8]
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

---

[7] *Dewberries* are *gooseberries*, which are still so called in several parts of the kingdom. HENLEY.

[8] I know not how Shakspeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail. JOHNSON.

The blunder is not in Shakspeare, but in those who have construed too literally a poetical expression. It appears from every line of his writings that he had studied with attention the book of nature, and was an accurate observer of any object that fell within his notice. He must have known that the light of the glow-worm was seated in the tail; but surely a poet is justified in calling the luminous part of a glow-worm the *eye*. It is a liberty we take in plain prose; for the point of greatest brightness in a furnace is commonly called the *eye* of it.

Dr. Johnson might have arraigned him with equal propriety for sending his fairies to *light* their tapers at the fire of the glow-worm, which in *Hamlet* he terms *uneffectual*:

"The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
"And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire." M. MASON.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!
2 *Fai.* Hail!
3 *Fai.* Hail!
4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well:[9] that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Wood. Enter OBERON.

Ob. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,

---

[9] These words are spoken ironically. According to the opinion prevailing in our author's time, mustard was supposed to excite choler. REED.

A crew of patches,[1] rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimick comes: When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs[2] many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp,[3] here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats: from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,

---

[1] *Patch* was in old language used as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the same import as we use *raggamuffin*, or *tatterdemalion*. JOHNS.

I should suppose *patch* to be merely a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*, which signifies properly *a fool*. TYRWHITT.

[2] The *chough* is a bird of the daw kind. STEEVENS.

[3] This seems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never represented stamping, or of a size that should give force to a stamp, nor could they have distinguished the stamp of Puck from those of their own companions. I read: *And at a stump here o'er and o'er one falls.* JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading. The *stamp* of a fairy might be efficacious though not loud; neither is it necessary to suppose, when supernatural beings are spoken of that the size of the agent determines the force of the action. That fairies did *stamp* to some purpose, may be known from the following passage in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*:—"Vero saltum *adeo profunde in terram impresserant*, ut locus insigni adore orbiculariter peresus, non parit arenti redivivum cespite gramen." Shakspeare's own authority, however, is most decisive. See the conclusion of the first scene of the fourth Act:

"Come, my queen, take hand with me,
"And *rock* the ground whereon these sleepers be." STEEV.

Honest Reginald Scott, says: "Our grandams maids were want to set a boll of milke before Incubus, and his cousin Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight: and—that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakedness, laid anie clothes for him beesides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, What have we here? Hemton, hamten, here will I never more tread nor *stampen*." *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1548. p. 85. RITSON.

And left sweet Pyramus translated there :
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.
Ob. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd[4] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I bid thee do ?
Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side ;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

Ob. Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so ?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse ;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me : Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia ? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd ; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him ;
So should a murderer look ; so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the murder'd look ; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty :
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander ? where is he ?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me ?
Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog ! out, cur ! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then ?
Henceforth be never number'd among men !
O ! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake ;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake ?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping ? O brave touch ![5]

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[4] *Latch'd,* Or letch'd, lick'd over, *lecher,* to lick, French. HANMER. In the North, it signifies to *infect.* STEEVENS.

[5] *Touch* in Shakspeare's time was the same with our *exploit,* or rather *stroke.* A brave touch, a noble stroke, *un grand coup.* JOHNSON.

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:[6]
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead, or no. [*Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now, in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*
Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer[7]
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:[8]
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.
Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

---

[6] i. e. Mistaken; so below *misprision* is mistake. JOHNSON.

I rather conceive that—"*on a mispris'd mood*" is put for—"*in a mispris'd mood*;" i.e. "*in a mistaken manner.*" The preposition—*on*, is licentiously used by ancient authors. When Mark Antony says that Augustus Cæsar "dealt *on* lieutenantry," he does not mean that he "dealt his blows *on* lieutenants," but that he "dealt *in* them;" i. e. achieved his victories by their conduct. STEEVENS.

[7] *Cheer* from the Italian *cara*, is frequently used by the old English writers for countenance. Even Dryden says—
"Pale at the sudden sight, she chang'd her *cheer.*" *Edin.Mag.* STEEV.

[8] So, in *King Henry VI.* we have "blood-consuming," "blood-drinking," and "blood-sucking sighs." All alluding to the ancient supposition that every sigh was indulged at the expence of a drop of blood. STEEVENS.

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,[9]
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
Ob. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once, woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befal preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,
divine!

[9] This alludes to what was said before:
"—— the bolt of Cupid fell:
"It fell upon a little western flower,
"Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound." STEEV.

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,[1]
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss![2]

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision! none, of noble sort,
Would so offend a virgin; and extort[3]
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
—Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

---

[1] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Asia. JOHNSON.

[2] He has in *Measure for Measure*, the same image:
"But my kisses bring again,
"*Seals of love*, but seal'd in vain. JOHNSON.

[3] Harrass, torment. JOHNSON.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him 'bide,
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.[4]
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?
Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.—
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?[5]
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our neelds created both one flower;[6]
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

---

[4] Shakspeare uses O for a circle. STEEVENS.
D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 650, mentions a patent to make spangles and *oes* of gold; and I think haberdashers call small curtain rings O's, as being circular. TOLLET.

[5] Mr Gibbon observes, that in a poem of Gregory Nazianzen on his own life, are some beautiful lines which burst from the heart, and speak the pangs of injured and lost friendship, resembling these. He adds, "Shakspeare had never read the poems of Gregory Nazianzen: he was ignorant of the Greek language; but his mother tongue, the language of nature, is the same in Cappadocia and in Britain." Gibbon's *Hist.* Vol. III. p. 15. REED.

[6] Most of our modern editors, with the old copies, have—*needles*; but the word was probably written by Shakspeare *neelds*, (a common contraction in the inland counties at this day,) otherwise the verse would be inharmonious. In the age of Shakspeare many contractions were used. Of the evisceration and extension of words, however, T. Churchyard affords the most numerous and glaring instances; for he has not scrupled even to give us *rune* instead of *ruin*, and *miest* instead of *mist*, when he wants rhymes to *soon* and *criest*. STEEVENS.

Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,[7]
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows upon me, when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

---

[7] These are, as Theobald observes, terms peculiar to heraldry; but that observation does not help to explain them.—Every branch of a family is called a *house*; and none but the *first* of the *first house* can bear the arms of the family, without some distinction. *Two of the first*, therefore, means *two coats of the first house*, which are properly *due but to one*. M. MASON.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come,—
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiop!
Dem. No, no, sir:—he will
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.
Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom![8]
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!
Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted may-pole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewdness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

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[8] The *canker-blossom* is not in this place the blossom of the *canker* or *wild rose*, which our author alludes to in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. sc. iii. but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So in the famous passage,

——— "*Like a worm i' the bud,*
Feed on her damask cheek." STEEVENS.

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that's hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius.
Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.
Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
She was a vixen,[9] when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.
Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;[1]
You bead, you acorn.
Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.[2]
Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st; to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.
Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
[*Exe.* LYSAN. *and* DEM.
Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.
[*Exit, pursuing* HELENA.

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[9] *Vixen*, or *fixen*, primitively signified a *female fox*. STEEVENS.

[1] It appears that *knot-grass* was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child. Daisy-roots were supposed to have the same effect. That prince of verbose and pedantic coxcombs, Richard Tomlinson, apothecary, in his translation of *Renodæus his Dispensatory*, 1657, informs us that *knot-grass* "is a low reptant herb, with exile, copious, nodose, and geniculated branches." Perhaps no hypocondriack is to be found, who might not derive his cure from the perusal of any single chapter in this work. STEE.

[2] *Aby* it, is *abide* by it; i. e. stand to it, answer to it. So, in *Psalm* cxxx. v. 3, in Common Prayer: "If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may *abide* it?" HARRIS.

Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.
Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did you not tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
Ob. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With dropping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,[3]
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.
Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,[4]

[3] Salutiferous. So he calls, in *The Tempest*, *poisonous dew*. wicked dew. JOHNSON.

[4] The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads; and of those who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. That the waters were sometimes

That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully exile themselves from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort :
I with the morning's love have oft made sport ; [5]
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit* OB.

Puck. Up and down, up and down ;
I will lead them up and down :
I am fear'd in field and town ;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Ly. Where art thou, proud Demetrius ? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou ?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [*Exit* LYS. *as following the voice.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander ! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ?
Speak. In some bush ? Where dost thou hide thy head ?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come ? Come, recreant ; come, thou child ;
I'll whip thee with a rod : He is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea ; art thou there ?

Puck. Follow my voice ; we'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on ;

---

the place of residence for *damned spirits*, we learn from the ancient bl. l. romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date :

"Let some preest a gospel says,
"For doute of *fendes in the flode.*" STEEVENS.

[5] What the fairy monarch means to inform Puck of, is this. That he was not compelled, like meaner spirits, to vanish at the first appearance of the dawn. STEEVENS.

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
[*Lies down.*
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?
Puck. Come hither; I am here.
Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest:—
And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*
Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eye.*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.
[*Exit* PUCK.—DEM. HEL. *&c. sleep.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Enter* TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, *Fairies attending;* OBERON *behind unseen.*

Titania.

COME, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your nief,[6] monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch.[7] I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.[8]

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.—
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey suckle,
Gently entwist,[9]—the female ivy[1] so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*

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[6] i. e. fist. GREY.

[7] Without doubt it should be *cavalero Peas-blossom*: as for *cavalero Cobweb*, he had just been despatched upon a perilous adventure. GREY.

[8] The old rustic music of the *tongs and key*. This rough music is likewise mentioned by Marston, in an address *ad rithmum* prefixed to the second Book of his Satires, 1598:

"Yee wel-match'd twins (whose like-tun'd *tongs* affords
"Such musical delight.") &c. STEEVENS.

[9] What Shakspeare seems to mean, is this—*So the woodbine*, i. e. *the sweet honey-suckle, doth gently entwist the barky fingers of the elm, and so does the female ivy enring the same fingers.* It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reason why Shakspeare thought *woodbine* wanted illustration, perhaps is this. In some counties, by *woodbine* or *woodbind* would have been generally understood the ivy, which he had occasion to mention in the very next line. STEEVENS.

[1] Shakspeare calls it *female* ivy, because it always requires some support, which is poetically called its husband. So Milton:

"——led the vine
"To wed *her* elm: she spous'd, about him twines
"Her marriageable arms—."
"Ulmo conjuncta marito." *Catull.*
"Platanusque *caelebs*
"Evincet ulmos." *Hor.* STEEVENS.

OBERON *advances. Enter* PUCK.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowrets' eyes,[2]
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.—
Be, as thou wast wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud[3] o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.
Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.
Ob. There lies your love.
Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!
Ob. Silence a-while.—Robin, take off this head.—

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[2] The *eye* of a flower is the technical term for its centre. STEEV

[3] *Dian's bud*, is the bud of the *Agnus Castus*, or *Chaste Tree*. Thus, in "*Macer's Herball, practysyd by Doctor Lynacre, translated out of Laten into Englyshe.*" &c. bl. l. no date: "The vertue of this herbe is, that he wyll kepe a man and woman *chaste*," &c. *Cupid's flower*, is the *Viola tricolor*, or *Love in Idleness*. STEEVENS.

Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.
Tita. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.
Puck. Now when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Ob. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen, take hand with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
Ob. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd:[4]
And since we have the vaward of the day,[5]
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
—Uncouple in the western valley; go:—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.
—We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

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[4] The honours due to the morning of *May*, I know not why Shakspeare calls this play *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, when he so carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding *May* day. JOHNSON.

I imagine that the title of this play was suggested by the time it was first introduced on the stage, which was probably at *Midsummer*. "A Dream for the *entertainment* of a Midsummer-night." *Twelfth-Night* and *The Winter's Tale* had probably their titles from a similar circumstance. MALONE.

[5] *Vaward* is compounded of *van* and *ward*, the forepart. In Knolle's *History of the Turks*, the word *vayvod* is used in the same sense. *Edin. Mag.* STEEVENS.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry : I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd,[7] so sanded ;[8] and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls ;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly :
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft ; what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep ;
And this, Lysander ; this Demetrius is ;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :
I wonder at their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May ;[9] and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus ; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, *and* HELENA, *wake and start up.*

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past ;[1]
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to* THESEUS.

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you are two rival enemies ;

[7] *So flew'd,*] Sir T. Hanmer justly remarks, that *flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound. T. WARTON.

[8] *Sanded* means of a sandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound. STEEVENS.

[9] The *rite* of this month was once so universally observed, that even authors thought that their works would obtain a more favourable reception, if published on *May-Day*. STEEVENS.

[1] Alluding to the old saying, that birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. STEEVENS.

How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.
Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.[2]
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,

[2] *Fancy* is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and is opposed to *fury*, as before:
"Sighs and tears, poor *Fancy's* followers."
Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a florist, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. JOHNSON.

Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens : Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta. [*Exe.* THE. HIP. EGE. *and train.*

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks :
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here and bid us follow him ?

Her. Yea ; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake : let's follow him ;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

As they go out, BOTTOM *awakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer : —my next is, *Most fair Pyramus.*—Hey, ho !—Peter Quince ! Flute, the bellows-mender ! Snout, the tinker ! Starveling ! God's my life ! stolen hence, and left me asleep ! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was : Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patched fool,[3] if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen ; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream : it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom ; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke : Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.[4]

[*Exit.*

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[3] —*patched fool,*] That is, a fool in a particolour'd coat. JOHN.

[4] He means *the death of Thisbe,* which his head is at present full of. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Athens. A Room in QUINCE'*s House. Enter* QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred; it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost six pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped six pence a-day: an the duke had not given him six pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: six pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour.

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards,[5] new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and

[5] i. e. to prevent the false beards, which they wear, from falling off. MALONE.

let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An Apartment in the Palace of* THESEUS. *Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Hippolyta.

'TIS strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

—Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!
Lys. More than to us
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!
Th. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.
Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.
The. Say, what abridgment[6] have you for this evening?
What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
Phil. There is a brief,[7] how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[*Giving a paper.*
The. [reads.] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung*
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
That is some satire, keen and critical,[8]
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play

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[6] By *abridgment* our author may mean a dramatic performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. a short account or enumeration. STEEV.

[8] *Critical* here means *criticising, censuring.* So, in *Othello:*
"O, I am nothing if not *critical.*" STEEV.

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it.

Phil. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories[1]
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,[2]
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit* PHIL.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.[3]
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,

---

[1] That is, unexercised, unpractised memories. STEEV.

[2] To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently synonymous. *Intents* therefore may be put for the object of their *attention*. We still say a person is *intent* on his business. STEEVENS.

[3] And what dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives with complacency, estimating it not by the actual *merit* of the performance, but by what it *might* have been, were the abilities of the performers equal to their zeal.—Such, I think, is the true interpretation of this passage; for which the reader is indebted partly to Dr. Johnson, and partly to Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome : Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome ;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of sawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

Phil. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.
The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter Prologue.

Prol. *If we offend, it is with our good will.*
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand ; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.
Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt ; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord : It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.
Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue, like a child on a recorder ;[4] a sound, but not in government.
The. His speech was like a tangled chain ; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next ?

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, *and* LION, *as in dumb show.*

Prol. 'Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show ;
'But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
'This man is Pyramus, if you would know :
'This beauteous lady Thisby is, certáin.[5]

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[4] *Recorder*—a kind of flute. Shakspeare introduces the same instrument in *Hamlet* ; and Milton says :—" To the sound of soft *recorders*." STEEV.

[5] A burlesque was here intended on the frequent recurrence of "*certain*" as a bungling rhyme in poetry more ancient than the age of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

'This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
'Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder:
'And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
'To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.
'This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
'Presenteth moon-shine: for, if you will know,
'By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn
'To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
'This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,[6]
'The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
'Did scare away, or rather did affright:
'And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
'Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
'Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
'And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
'Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,[7]
'He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
'And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
'His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
'Let Lion, Moon-shine, Wall, and lovers twain,
'At large discourse, while here they do remain.'

[*Exe.* PROL. THIS. LION, *and* MOONSHINE.

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. 'In this same interlude, it doth befall,
'That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
'And such a wall, as I would have you think,
'That had it in a cranny'd hole, or chink,

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[6] *Hight*, in old English, signifies—*is called*. I think it probable that a line, following the words—*by night*, has been lost. MALONE.

[7] Mr. Upton rightly observes, that Shakspeare in this line ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the same letter. He might have remarked the same of—*The raging rocks*, &c. Gascoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the same affectation. JOHNSON.

This alliteration seems to have reached the height of its fashion in the reign of Henry VIII. The following stanza is quoted from a poem *On the Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, written in 1537, by Wilfride Holme:

"Loe, leprous lurdeins, lubricke in loquacitie,
"Vah, vaporous villeins, with venim vulnerate,
"Proh, prating parenticides, plexious to pinnositie,
"Fie, frantike fabulators, furibund, and fatuate,
"Out, oblatrant, oblict, obstacle, and obsecate,
"Ah addict algoes, in acerbitie acclamant,
"Magnall in mischief, malicious to mugilate,
"Repriving your Roy so renowned and radiant."

In Tusser's *Husbandry*, p. 104, there is a poem of which every word begins with a T. STEEVENS.

'Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
'Did whisper often very secretly.
'This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
'That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
'And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
'Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.'

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. 'O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
'O night, which ever art, when day is not!
'O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
'I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—
'And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
'That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
'Thou wall, O wall, O sweet, and lovely wall,
'Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
[WALL *holds up his fingers.*
'Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
'But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
'O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
'Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!'

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. 'O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
'For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
'My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
'Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.'

Pyr. 'I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
'To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
'Thisby!'

This. 'My love! thou art my love, I think.'

Pyr. 'Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
'And like Limander am I trusty still.'[8]

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[8] Limander and Helen, are spoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. JOHNS.

This. 'And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.'
Pyr. 'Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.'
This. 'As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.'
Pyr. 'O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.'
This. 'I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.'
Pyr. 'Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?'
This. 'Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.'
Wall. 'Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
'And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.'
[*Exeunt* WALL, PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE.

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter LION *and* MOONSHINE.

Lion. 'You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
'The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
'May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
'When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
'Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
'A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:[9]
'For if I should as lion come in strife
'Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.'

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his val-

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[9] That is, that I am Snug the joiner; and neither a lion, nor a lion's dam. Dr. Johnson has justly observed in a note on *All's well that ends well*, that *nor* in the phraseology of our author's time often related to two members of a sentence, though only expressed in the latter. So in the play just mentioned:

"——contempt *nor* bitterness
"Were in his pride or sharpness." MALONE.

our; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. 'This lantern doth the horned moon present:'—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. 'This lantern doth the horned moon present;
'Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.'

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.[1]

Hip. I am a weary of this moon: Would, he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. 'This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?'

Lion. 'Oh—.' [*The Lion roars.*—THISBE *runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well moused, lion.[2]

[*The Lion tears* THISBE'*s mantle, and exit.*

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. 'Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
'I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright:
'For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
'I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

---

[1] An equivocation. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger. JOHNSON.

[2] To *mouse* signified to mammock, to tear in pieces, as a cat tears a mouse. MALONE.

'But stay ;—O spite !
'But mark ;—Poor knight,
'What dreadful dole is here ?
'Eyes, do you see ?
'How can it be ?
'O dainty duck ! O dear !
'Thy mantle good,
'What, stain'd with blood ?
'Approach, ye furies fell ![3]
'O fates ! come, come ;
'Cut thread and thrum ;[4]
'Quail, crush, conclude, and quell ![5]

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. 'O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame ?
'Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear :
'Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
'That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
'Come, tears, confound ;
'Out, sword, and wound
'The pap of Pyramus :
'Ay, that left pap,[6]
'Where heart doth hop :—
'Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
'Now am I dead,
'Now am I fled ;
'My soul is in the sky :
'Tongue, lose thy light !
'Moon, take thy flight !
'Now die, die, die, die, die.' [*Dies. Ex.* MOONSH.

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[3] The poet here, and in the following lines spoken by Thisbe——
"O sisters three,
"Come, come to me,
"With hands as pale as milk—"
probably intended to ridicule a passage in *Damon and Pythias*, by Richard Edwards, 1582. MALONE.

[4] *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp ; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop*. WARNER.

[5] To *quell* is to murder, to destroy. STEEVENS.

[6] Lest our author should seem chargeable with an inefficient rhyme, it ought to be remembered that the broad pronunciation, now almost peculiar to the Scotch, was anciently current in England. Throughout the old copies of Shakspeare's plays, "tattered" is always spelt "tettered ;" *Pap* therefore was sounded *Pop*. The context reminds us of a passage in the seventh Satire of *Juvenal* :
"——*læva* in parte *mamillæ*
"Nil *salit*—." STEEVENS.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.[7]

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans,[8] *videlicet.*—

This. 'Asleep, my love?
'What, dead, my love?
'O Pyramus, arise,
'Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
'Dead, dead? A tomb
'Must cover thy sweet eyes.
'These lily brows,
'This cherry nose,
'These yellow cowslip cheeks,
'Are gone, are gone:
'Lovers, make moan!
'His eyes were green as leeks.

---

[7] The character of Theseus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity, than its greatness. Though some sensible observations on life, and animated descriptions fall from him, as it is said of Iago, *you shall taste him more as a soldier than as a wit,* which is a distinction he is here striving to deserve, though with little success; as in support of his pretensions he never rises higher than a *pun,* and frequently sinks as low as a *quibble.* STEEVENS.

[8] The old copies concur in reading—*means.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald altered *means* to *moans:* but *means* had anciently the same signification. Mr. Pinkerton (under the name of Robert Heron, Esq.) observes that it is a common term in the Scotch law, signifying to *tell,* to *relate,* to *declare;* and the petitions to the lords of session in Scotland, run: "To the lords of council and session humbly *means* and shows your petitioner." Here, however, it evidently signifies *complains.* Bills in chancery begin in a similar manner: "Humbly *complaining* sheweth unto your lordship," &c. The word occurs in an ancient manuscript in my own possession:

"This ender day wen me was wo,
"Under a bugh ther I lay,
"Naght gale to *mene* me to."

So again, in a very ancient Scottish song:

"I hard ane may sair mwrne and *meyne.*" RITSON.

'O sisters three,
'Come, come, to me,
'With hands as pale as milk;
'Lay them in gore,
'Since you have shore
'With shears his thread of silk.
'Tongue, not a word:—
'Come, trusty sword;
'Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
'And farewell, friends;—
'Thus Thisby ends:
'Adieu, adieu, adieu.' [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?[9]

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of Clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,[1]
And the wolf behowls the moon;

[9] A *Burgomask dance* (as Sir T. Hanmer observes in his *Glossary*) is a dance after the manner of the peasants of *Bergomasco*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people, as well as their manner of dancing. STEEVENS.

[1] It has been justly observed by an anonymous writer, that among this assemblage of familiar circumstances attending midnight, either in England

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.[1]
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.[2]

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA *with their train.*

Ob. Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Tit. First, rehearse the song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

---

or its neighbouring kingdoms, hakspeare would never have thought of intermixing the exotic idea of the *hungry lion roaring*, which can be heard no nearer than in the deserts of Africa, if he h d not read in the 104th *Psalm*: "Thou makest darkness that it may be *night*, wherein all the beasts of the forest do move; the *lions roaring* after their prey, do seek their meat from God." MALONE.

I do not perceive the justness of the foregoing anonymous writer's observation. Puck, who could "encircle the earth in forty minutes," like his fairy mistress, might have snuffed "the spiced Indian air;" and consequently an image, foreign to Europeans, might have been obvious to him. Our poet, however, inattentive to little proprieties, has sometimes introduced his wild beasts in regions where they are never found. STEEVENS.

[1] *Fordone*—i.e. overcome. STEEV.

[2] Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence and the favour of the fairies:

"These makes our girls their slutt'ry rue,
"By pinching them both black and blue,
"And put a penny in their shoe
"The house for cleanly sweeping." *Drayton.* JOHNS.

SONG,[3] AND DANCE.

Ob. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip,[4] nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious,[5] such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait:[6]
And each several chamber bless,[7]
Through this palace with sweet peace:
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.

---

[3] I am afraid this song is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two songs are lost. The series of the scene is this; after the speech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a song, which song is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next Titania leads another song, which is indeed lost like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon dismisses his fairies to the despatch of the ceremonies. The songs, I suppose were lost, because they were not inserted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed. JOHNSON.

[4] This defect in children seems to have been so much dreaded, that numerous were the charms applied for its prevention. The following might be as efficacious as any of the rest. "If a woman with chylde have her smocke slyt at the neather ende or skyrt thereof, &c. the same chylde that she then goeth withall, shall be safe from having a cloven or *hare lippe.*" Thomas Lupton's *Fourth Book of Notable Thinges*, 4to. bl. l. STEE.

[5] *Prodigious* has here its primitive signification of *portentous.* STEEV.

[6] i. e. take his *way*, or direct his *steps*. STEEV.
Gait, for a *path* or road, is commonly used at present in the northern counties. HARRIS.

[7] The same superstitious kind of benediction occurs in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, v. 3479. Tyrwhitt's edition:
"I crouche thee from elves, and from wightes.
"Therwith the nightspel said he anon rightes
"On four halves of the hous aboute,
"And on the threswold of the dore withoute.
"Jesu Crist, and Seint Benedight,
"Blisse this hous from every wicked wight,
"Fro the nightes mare, the wite Paternoster," &c. STEEV

Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exe.* OBER. TITA. *and Train.*

Puck. *If we shadows have offended,*
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck[8]
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,[9]
We will make amends ere long:
Else the puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands,[1] *if we be friends,*
And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit.

---

[8] i.e. if we have better fortune than we have deserved. STEEV.
[9] That is, if we be dismissed without hisses. JOHNSON
[1] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applause. JOHNSON.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT V. Scene II.

Benedick. Sweet Beatrice, would thou come when I called thee.

OBSERVATIONS.

IT is true, as Mr. Pope has observed, that somewhat resembling the story of this play is to be found in the fifth book of the *Orlando Furioso*. In Spencer's *Fairy Queen*, as remote an original may be traced. A novel, however, of Belleforest, copied from another of Bandello, seems to have furnished Shakspeare with his fable, as it approaches nearer in all its particulars to the play before us, than any other performance known to be extant. I have seen so many versions from this once popular collection, that I entertain no doubt but that a great majority of the tales it comprehends have made their appearance in an English dress. Of that particular story which I have just mentioned, viz. the 18th history in the third volume, no translation has hitherto been met with.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Aug. 23, 1600.

STEEVENS.

Ariosto is continually quoted for the fable of *Much Ado about Nothing*; but I suspect our poet to have been satisfied with the *Geneura* of Turberville. "The tale (says Harington) is a pretie comical matter, and hath bin written in *English* verse some few years past, learnedly and with good grace, by M. George Turbervil." *Ariosto*, fol. 1591, p. 39. FARMER.

This play may be justly said to contain two of the most sprightly characters that Shakspeare ever drew. The wit, the humourist, the gentleman, and the soldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the first and most splendid of these distinctions, is disgraced by unnecessary profaneness; for the goodness of his heart is hardly sufficient to atone for the licence of his tongue. The too sarcastic levity, which flashes out in the conversation of Beatrice, may be excused on account of the steadiness and friendship so apparent in her behaviour, when she urges her lover to risque his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, however, there is an imperfection similar to that which Dr. Johnsons has pointed out in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—the second contrivance is less ingenious than the first:—or, to speak more plainly, the same incident has become stale by repetition. I wish some other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very one which before had been successfully practised on Benedick. STEEVENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Don PEDRO, *prince of Arragon.*
Don JOHN, *his bastard brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro.*
BENEDICK, *a young lord of Padua, favourite likewise of Don Pedro.*
LEONATO, *governor of Messina.*
ANTONIO, *his brother.*
BALTHAZAR, *servant to Don Pedro.*
BORACHIO, CONRADE, } *followers of Don John*
DOGBERRY, VERGES, } *two foolish officers.*
A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

HERO, *daughter to Leonato.*
BEATRICE, *niece to Leonato.*
MARGARET, URSULA, } *gentlewomen attending on Hero.*

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Messina.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before* LEONATO's *House. Enter* LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others, with a Messenger.*

Leonato.

I LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.[1]

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no

[1] This is judiciously expressed. Of all the transports of joy, that which is attended with tears is least offensive; because, carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that usually attends another's happiness. This he finely calls a *modest* joy, such a one as did not insult the observer by an indication of happiness unmixed with pain. WARBURTON.

faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto[2] returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mes. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight:[3] and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.[4]—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.[5]

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[2] *Montante*, in Spanish, is a *huge two-handed sword*, a title given, with much humour, to one whom the speaker would represent as a boaster or bravado. WARBURTON.

Montanto was one of the ancient terms of the fencing-school. So, in *The Wives of Windsor*:

"——thy reverse, thy distance, thy *montant*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Flight* (as Mr. Douce observes to me) does not here mean an *arrow*, but a sort of shooting called *roving*, or shooting at long lengths. The arrows used at this sport are called *flight*-arrows; as were those used in battle for great distances. STEEVENS.

[4] The *bird-bolt* is a short thick arrow without a point, and spreading at the extremity so much, as to leave a flat surface, about the breadth of a shilling. Such are to this day in use to kill rooks with, and are shot from a cross-bow. STEEVENS.

The meaning of the whole is—Benedick, from a vain conceit of his influence over women, challenged Cupid at *roving* (a particular kind of archery, in which *flight*-arrows are used.) In other words, he challenged him *to shoot at hearts*. The fool, to ridicule this piece of vanity, in his turn challenged Benedick to shoot at crows with the cross-bow and bird-bolt; an inferior kind of archery used by fools, who, for obvious reasons, were not permitted to shoot with pointed arrows: Whence the proverb—"A fool's bolt is soon shot." DOUCE.

[5] *Stuffed*, in this first instance, has no ridiculous meaning. Mr. Edwards observes, that Mede, in his *Discourses on Scripture*, speaking of Adam,

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits[6] went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.[7]

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.[7]

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now,[9] that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

---

says, "—he whom God had *stuffed* with so many excellent qualities." Un homme bien *stoffe*, signifies, in French, *a man in good circumstances* STEE.

[6] In our author's time *wit* was the general term for intellectual powers. The *wits* seem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the five inlets to ideas JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. one with whom he hath *sworn* (as was anciently the custom among adventurers) to share fortunes. STEEVENS.

[8] *To be in a man's books*, originally meant to be in the list of his *retainers*. Sir John Mandeville tells us, "alle the mynstrelles that comen before the great Chan ben witholden with him, as of his houshold, and entred in his *bookes*, as for his own men." FARMER.

A *servant* and a *lover* were in Cupid's Vocabulary, synonymous Hence perhaps the phrase—*to be in a person's books*—was applied equally to the *lover* and the *menial attendant*. MALONE.

[9] A *squarer* I take to be a cholerick, quarrelsome fellow, for in this sense Shakspeare uses the word to *square*. JOHNSON.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.
Beat. No, not till a hot January.
Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don PEDRO, *attended by* BALTHAZAR *and others, Don* JOHN, CLAUDIO, *and* BENEDICK.

D.Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D.Pedro. You embrace your charge[1] too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D.Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

---

[1] *Charge* does not mean, as Dr. Johnson explains it, *burden, incumbrance*, but "the person committed to your care." So it is used in the relationship between guardian and ward. DOUCE.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way, o'God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D.Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D.John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.[2]

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D.Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* BENEDICK *and* CLAUDIO.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Clau. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

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[2] The poet has judiciously marked the gloominess of Don John's character, by making him averse to the common forms of civility.
Sir J. HAWKINS.

Claud. Thou thinkest, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her?

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?[3] Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter; there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is it come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion?[4] Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D.Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

D.Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

---

[3] Do you mean to tell us that love is not blind, and that fire will not consume what is combustible?" for both these propositions are implied in making Cupid *a good hare-finder*, and Vulcan (the god of fire) *a good carpenter*. STEEV.

I explain the passage thus: *Do you scoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder, which requires a quick eye-sight; and that Vulcan, a blacksmith, is a rare carpenter?* TOLLET.

After such attempts at decent illustration, I am afraid that he who wishes to know why Cupid is a good *hare-finder*, must discover it by the assistance of many quibbling allusions of the same sort, about *hair* and *hear*, in Mercutio's song in the second Act of *Romeo and Juliet*. COLLINS.

[4] That is, subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy. JOHNSON.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D.Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D.Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D.Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D.Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despight of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead,[5] or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D.Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D.Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,[6] and shoot

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[5] *A recheate* is a particular lesson upon the horn, to call dogs back from the scent: from the old French word *recet*, which was used in the same sense as *retraite*. HANMER.

[6] As to *the cat and bottle*, I can procure no better information than the following: In some counties in England, a cat was formerly closed up with a quantity of soot in a wooden bottle, (such as that in which shepherds carry their

at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.[7]

D.Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick the married man.*

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D.Pedro. Nay, if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D.Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, (if I had it,)—

D.Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.[8]

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither:[9] ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

---

liquor,) and was suspended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to escape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diversion. STEEVENS.

[7] Adam Bel, Clym of the Cloughe, and Wyllyam of Cloudesle, were, says Dr. Percy, three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle. At what time they lived does not appear. STEEVENS.

[8] The ridicule here is to the formal conclusions of Epistles dedicatory and Letters. Barnaby Googe thus ends his dedication to the first edition of *Palingenius*, 12mo. 1560: "And thus *commytyng* your Ladiship with all yours to the *tuicion* of the moste merciffull *God*, I ende. From Staple Inne at London, the eighte and twenty of March." REED.

[9] *Guards* were ornamented lace or borders. STEEVENS.

D.Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.
Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?
D.Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir:
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?
Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thought
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.
D.Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her: Was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?
Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.
D.Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity:
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'st;[1]
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

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[1] *Once* has here, I believe, the force of—*once for all*. So, in *Coriolanus*: "*Once*, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him. MAL.

SCENE II.

A Room in LEONATO's *House. Enter* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamed not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins,[2] you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; you go with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousins, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in LEONATO's *House. Enter Don* JOHN *and* CONRADE.

Conr. What the goodjere, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D.John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear reason.

D.John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

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[2] *Cousins* were anciently enrolled among the dependants, if not the domestics, of great families, such as that of Leonato.—Petruchio, while intent on the subjection of Katherine, calls out in terms imperative, for his *cousin Ferdinand.* STEEVENS.

D.John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am :[3] I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests ; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure ; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business ; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.[4]

Conr. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace ; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D.John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace ;[5] and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any : in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog ; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage : If I had my mouth, I would bite ; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking : in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent ?

D.John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here ? what news, Borachio ?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper ; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato ; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D.John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on ? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness ?

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[3] This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious and unsocia mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too sullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence. JOHNS.

[4] To *claw* is to flatter. So, *the pope's claw-backs*, in Bishop Jewel, are the pope's *flatterers*. The sense is the same in the proverb, *Mulus mulum scabit*. JOHNSON.

[5] A *canker* is the *canker*-rose, *dog-rose*, *cynosbatus*, or *hip*. The sense is, I would rather live in obscurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or estimation to my brother. He still continues his wish of gloomy independence. JOHNSON.

Bora. Marry, it is to your brother's right hand.

D.John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D.John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D.John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room,[6] comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D.John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure; that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way: You are both sure, and will assist me?

Conr. To the death, my lord.

D.John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* LEONATO'*s House. Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

Leonato.

WAS not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.[7]

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[6] The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors, rendered such precautions too often necessary. In the Harleian Collection of MSS. No. 6850. fol. 90, in the British Museum, is a paper of directions drawn up by Sir John Packering's Steward, relative to Suffolk Place before Queen Elizabeth's visit to it in 1594. The 15th article is—"The *swetynynge* of the house in all places by any means." Again, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, "—the smoak of juniper is in great request with us at Oxford, to *sweeten* our chambers." See also *King Henry IV.* P. II. act 5, sc 4. STEEVENS.

[7] The pain commonly called the *heart-burn*, proceeds from an *acid* humour in the stomach, and is therefore properly enough imputed to *tart* looks. JOHNSON.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*, but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take six-pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:* so deliver I up my apes, and away to saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, I trust, you will be ruled by your father. [*To* HERO.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please you:*—but yet for

all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important,[8] tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure,[9] and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; *Don* JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked.*

D.Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D.Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D.Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

D.Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

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[8] *Important* here, and in many other places, is *importunate.* JOHNS.

[9] A *measure* in old language, beside its ordinary meaning, signified also a *dance.* MALONE.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D.Ped. Speak low, if you speak love. [*Takes her aside.*

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don* JOHN, BORACHIO, *and* CLAUDIO.

D.John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D.John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am me.

D.John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D.John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D.John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don* JOHN *and* BORA.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear this ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
'Tis certain so;—the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negociate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.[1]
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not: Farewell therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

[1] i. e. as wax when opposed to the fire kindled by a witch, no longer preserves the figure of the person it was designed to represent, but flows into a shapeless lump; so fidelity, when confronted with beauty, dissolves into our ruling passion, and is lost there like a drop of water in the sea. STEE.

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain?[2] or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.——But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

D.Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count; Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren;[3] I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

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[2] *Chains* of gold, of considerable value, were in our author's time, usually worn by wealthy citizens, and others, in the same manner as they now are, on public occasions, by the Aldermen of London. REED.

[3] A parallel thought occurs in the first chapter of *Isaiah*, where the prophet, describing the desolation of Judah, says: "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a *lodge* in a garden of cucumbers," &c. I am informed, that near Aleppo, these lonely buildings are still made use of, it being necessary, that the fields where water-melons, cucumbers, &c. are raised, should be regularly watched. I learn from Tho. Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that "so soone as the cucumbers, &c. be gathered, these lodges are abandoned of the watchmen and keepers, and no more frequented." From these forsaken buildings, it should seem, the prophet takes his comparison. STEEVENS.

D.Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D.Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet, it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

D.Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D.Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her;[4] for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, *and* BEATRICE.

D.Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to

[4] As Shakspeare always attributes to his *exercists* the power of raising spirits, he gives his *conjurer*, in this place, the power of laying them. M. MASON

the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard;[5] do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D.Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D.Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D.Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D.Ped. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D.Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D.Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false.—Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his goodwill obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you

[5] i.e. I will undertake the most difficult task, rather [illegible] versation with lady Beatrice. Alluding to the difficulty [illegible] of those monarchs, but more particularly to the forme[illegible]

are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak, neither.

D.Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

D.Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D.Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day: But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D.Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit* BEATRICE.

D.Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her,[5] my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness,[6] and waked herself with laughing.

D.Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

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[5] *There's little of the* melancholy element *in her,*] "Does not our life consist of the *four elements?*" says Sir Toby, in *Twelfth-Night.* So, also in *King Henry V*: "He is pure air and fire, and the *dull elements* of *earth* and *water* never appear in him." MALONE.

[6] *Unhappiness,*—a wild, wanton, unlucky trick. WARBURTON.

D.Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D.Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D.Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice, into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D.Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D.Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain,[7] of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practice on Benedick, that, in despight of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in LEONATO'*s House. Enter Don* JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

D.John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

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[7] i. e. descent, lineage. REED.

D.John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me : I am sick in displeasure to him ; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage ?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord ; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D.John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D.John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D.John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage ?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother ; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D.John. What proof shall I make of that ?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato : Look you for any other issue ?

D.John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro, and the count Claudio, alone : tell them, that you know that Hero loves me ; intend a kind of zeal[8] both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match ; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial ; offer them instances ; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window ; hear me call Margaret, Hero ; hear Margaret term me Borachio ; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding : for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent ; and there shall appear such seeming truths of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

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[8] *Intend*, i.e. *pretend*. So, in *King Richard III* :
"*Intending* deep suspicion." STEEVENS.

D.John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D.John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

LEONATO's *Garden. Enter* BENEDICK *and a Boy.*

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.[9]

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*]—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: But till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour

[9] Gardens were anciently called *orchards*. STEEVENS.

it please God.[1] Ha! the prince and monsieur Love!
I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, *and* CLAUDIO.

D.Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?
Claud. Yea, my good lord:—how still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!
D.Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?
Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.[2]

Enter BALTHAZAR, *with music.*

D.Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.
Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.
D.Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.
Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos;
Yet will he swear, he loves.
D.Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
D.Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting! [*Music.*
Bene. Now, *divine air!* now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

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[1] Perhaps Benedick alludes to a fashion, very common in the time of Shakspeare, that of *dying the hair.* STEEV.

The practice of dying the hair was one of those fashions so frequent before and in Queen Elizabeth's time, as to be thought worthy of particular animadversion from the pulpit. In the Homily against excess of apparel, b. l. 1547, after mentioning the common excuses of some nice and vain women for painting their faces, *dying their hair* &c. the preacher breaks out into the following invective: "Who can paynte her face, and curle her heere, and *chaunge it into an unnaturall coloure,* but therein doth worke reprofe to her Maker who made her? as thoughe she couldc make herselfe more comelye than God hath appoynted the measure of her beautie. What do these women but go about to refourme that which God hath made? not knowyng that all thynges naturall is the worke of God: and thynges disguised and unnatural be the workes of the devyll." &c. REED.

[2] A *kid-fox* seems to be no more than a *young fox* or *cub.* In *As you like it,* we have the expression of—"two *dog-apes.* RITSON.

BALTHAZAR *sings.*

1.

Balth. *Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,*
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
To one thing constant never :
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blith and bonny ;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

2.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo'
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D.Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D.Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D.Pedro. Yea, marry; [*To* CLAUDIO.]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D.Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exe.* BALTH. *and music.*] —Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on;[3] the fowl sits. [*Aside to* PEDRO.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that

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[3] This is an allusion to the *stalking-horse*; a horse either real or factitious, by which the fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game. STEEV.

she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abbor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aside.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D.Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D.Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. [*Aside.*

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D.Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aside.*

D.Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: *Shall I*, says she, *that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O,—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she sould be so immodest to write

to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him*, says she, *by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—*O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth, indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself; It is very true.

D.Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D.Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D.Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory.[4] I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D.Pedro. I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects,[5] and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D.Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.[6]

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D.Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D.Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

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[4] *Blood* is here, as in many other places, used by our author in the sense of *passion*, or rather *temperament of body*. MALONE.

[5] To *daff* is the same as to *doff*, to *do off*, to put aside. STEEV.

[6] i.e. a temper inclined to scorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our author uses his verbal adjectives with great licence. JOHNS.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D.Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D.Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we'll hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*

D.Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Aside.* *Exe. D.* PED. CLAUD. *and* LEON.

BENEDICK *advances from the arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear, how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair;—'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of

her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. —Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure in the message?

Beat. Yea; just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—LEONATO's *Garden. Enter* HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero.

GOOD Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
There thou shalt find my cousin Beatrice,
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:[7]
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse

[7] *Proposing* is conversing, from the French word *propos*, discourse, talk. STEEVENS.

Is all of her ; say, that thou overheardst us ;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter ;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it :—there will she hide her,
To listen our propose :[8] This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Mar. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Ex.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick :
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice : Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin ;

Enter BEATRICE, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :
So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture :
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
[*They advance to the bower.*
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.[9]

Urs. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

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[8] See the preceding note. STEEVENS.

[9] Turberville, in his book of *Falconry* 1575, tells us, that "the *haggard* doth come from foreign parts a stranger and a passenger ;" and Latham, who wrote after him, says, that, "she keeps in subjection the most part of all the fowl that fly, insomuch that, the tassel gentle, her natural and chiefest companion, dares not come near that coast where she useth, nor sit by the place where she standeth. Such is the greatness of her spirit, *she will not admit of any society*, until such a time as nature worketh," &c. STEEV.

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward:[1] if fair fac'd,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate[2] very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No: not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me

[1] Alluding to the practice of witches in uttering prayers. STEEV.

[2] Our author has himself, in another place, compared a *very little man* to an *agate*. "Thou whorson mandrake, (says Falstaff to his *page*,) thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I never was so *man'd* with an *agate* till now." Hero means no more than this: "If a man be low, Beatrice will say, that he is as diminutive and unhappily formed as an ill-cut agate."

It appears from the passage just quoted, that agates were commonly worn in Shakspeare's time. MAL.

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks ;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it ; hear what she will say.

Hero. No ; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion :
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with : One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy ; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument[3] and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam ?

Hero. Why, every day ;—to-morrow : Come, go in ;
I'll show thee some attires ; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's lim'd, I warrant you ; we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps :
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exe.* HERO *and* URSULA.

BEATRICE *advancing.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears ?[4] Can this be true ?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much ?
Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee ;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand ;[5]

[3] This word seems here to signify *discourse*, or the *powers* of reasoning. JOHNSON.

[4] Alluding to a proverbial saying of the common people, that their ears burn, when others are talking of them. JOHNSON.

[5] This image is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in LEONATO'*s House. Enter Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

D.Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D.Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman[6] dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D.Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D.Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D.Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Be. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D.Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises;

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as wild as *haggards of the rock*; she therefore says, that *wild* as her *heart* is, she will *tame* it *to the hand.* JOHNSON.

[6] This character of Cupid came from the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney:

"Millions of yeares this old drivell Cupid lives;
"While still more wretch, more wicked he doth prove:
"Till now at length that Jove him office gives,
"(At Juno's suite, who much did Argus love,)
"In this our world a *hangman* for to be
"Of all those fooles that will have all they see,

as to be a Dutch-man to-day; a French-man to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops;[7] and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy[8] to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: He brushes his hat o' mornings; What should that bode?

D.Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D.Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D.Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D.Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which has now crept into a lute string[9] and now governed by stops.

D.Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D.Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despight of all, dies for him.

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[7] So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: "We are almost as fantastic as the English gentleman that is painted with a pair of sheers in his hand, as not being resolved after what fashion to have his coat cut." Again, in *The Seven deadly Sinnes of London*, by Tho. Decker, 1606: "For an Englishman's sute is like a traitor's bodie that hath been hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set up in severall places: his codpiece is in Denmarke; the collor of his dublet and the belly, in France: the wing and narrow sleeve, in Italy: the short waste hangs ouer a Dutch botcher's stall in Utrich: his huge sloppes speaks Spanish: Polonia gives him the bootes, &c.—and thus we mock euerie nation, for keeping one fashion, yet steale patches from euerie one of them, to peece out our pride; and are now laughing-stocks to them, because their cut so scurvily becomes us." STEEVENS.

Slops are large loose *breeches*, or *trowsers*, worn only by sailors at present.

[8] Here is a play upon the word *fancy*, which Shakspeare uses for *love* as well as for *humour*, *caprice*, or *affectation*. JOHNSON.

[9] *Love*-songs in our author's time were generally sung to the musick of the lute. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"——as melancholy as an old lion, or a *lover's lute*." MALONE.

D.Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exe.* BENE. *and* LEON.

D.Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D.Pedro. Good den, brother.

D.John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D.Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

D.Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow? [*To* CLAUDIO.

D.Pedro. You know, he does.

D.John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D.John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I will now manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D.Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D.John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D.John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D.Pedro. I will not think it.

D.John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D.Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D.John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D.Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D.John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [*Exe.*

SCENE III.

A Street. Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES, *with the Watch.*

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable.

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the

constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: This is your charge; You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:[1]—Well, you are to call at the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have always been called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

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[1] A *bill* is still carried by the watchmen at Lichfield. It was the old weapon of English infantry, which, says Temple, *gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds*. It may be called *securis falcata*. JOHNSON.

2 *Watch.* How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?[2]

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'rlady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'rlady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigitant, I beseech you.

[*Exe.* DOGB. *and* VERG.

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not. [*Aside.*

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Conr. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

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[2] It is not impossible but that part of this scene was intended as a burlesque on *The Statutes of the Streets*, 1595. Among these I find the following: "22. No man shall blowe any horne in the night, within this citie, or whistle after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night, under paine of imprisonment."—"23. No man shall use to go with visoures, or disguised by night, under like paine of imprisonment."—"24. Made that night walk-rs, and evisdroppers, like punishment."—"25. No hammer-man, as a smith, pewterer, a founder, and all artificers making great sound, shall not worke after the houre of nyne at night, &c."—"30. No man shall, after the houre of nyne at night, keepe any rule, whereby any such suddaine outcry be made in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wyfe, or servant, or singing, or revyling in his house, to the disturbaunce of his neighbours, under payne of iiis. iiiid." &c. &c. STEEVENS.

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that ; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain ; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Asi.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Conr. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear ?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows, thou art unconfirmed :[9] Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Conr. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush ! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is ?

Watch. I know that Deformed ; he has been a vile thief this seven year ; he goes up and down like a gentleman : I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body ?

Conr. No ; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is ? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty ? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting ;[1] sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window;[2] sometime, like the shaven Hercules[3] in the

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[9] i. e. unpractised in the ways of the world. WARBURTON.

[1] Reechy *painting ;* Is painting discoloured by smoke. From Recan, Anglo-Saxon, to *reek. fumare.* STEEVENS.

[2] Alluding to some awkward representation of the story of *Bel and the Dragon,* as related in the Apocrypha. STEEVENS.

[3] By the *shaven Hercules* is meant *Sampson,* the usual subject of old tapestry. In this ridicule of the fashion, the poet has not unartfully given a stroke at the barbarous workmanship of the common tapestry hangings, then so much in use. The same kind of raillery Cervantes has employed on the like occasion, when he brings his knight and 'squire to an inn, where they found the story of Dido and Eneas represented in bad tapestry. On Sancho's seeing the tears fall from the eyes of the forsaken queen as big as walnuts, he hopes that when their achievements became the general subject for these sorts of works, that fortune will send them a better artist.—What authorised the poet to give this name to Sampson was the folly of certain

smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Conr. All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good-night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the Prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable: We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Masters, masters,—

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Christian mythologists, who pretended that the Grecian Hercules was the Jewish Sampson. The retenue of our author is to be commended: The sober audienc of that tim would have been offended with the mention of a venerable name on so light an occasion. Shakspeare is indeed sometimes licentious in these matters: But to do him justice, he generally seems to have a sense of religion, and to be under its influence. What Pedro say of Benedick in this comedy, may be well enough applied to him: *The man doth fear God, however it seems not to be in him by some large jests he will make* WARB.

I believe that Shakspeare knew nothing of these Christian mythologists, and by *the shaven Hercules* meant only *Hercules when shaved to make him look like a woman*, while he remained in the service of Omphale, his Lydian mistress. Had *the shaven Hercules* been meant to represent Sampson, he would probably have been equipped with a *jaw-bone* instead of a *club*. STEEV.

Conr. Masters,—

1 *Watch.* Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.[4]

Conr. A commodity in question, I warrant you.[5]—Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in LEONATO'*s House. Enter* HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise,

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit* URSULA.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.[6]

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side-sleeves,[7] and skirts

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[4] Here is a cluster of conceits. *Commodity* was formerly as now, the usual term for an article of merchandise. To *take up*, besides its common meaning, *(to apprehend,)* was the phrase for obtaining goods on credit. "If a man is thorough with them in honest *taking up*, (says Falstaff,) then they must stand upon security." *Bill* was the term both for a single bond, and a halberd. MALONE.

[5] i.e. a commodity subject to judicial trial or examination. STEEV.

[6] *Rabato*—An ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. F *Rabat.* Menage saith it comes from *rabattre*, to put back, because it was a first nothing but the collar of the shirt or shift turn'd back towards the shoulders. T. HAWKINS.

[7] *Side* or *syde* in the North of England, and in Scotland, is used for *long* when applied to the garment, and the word has the same signification in the Anglo-Saxon and Danish. Vide Glossary to Gawine Douglas's Virgil. STEE. *Side*-sleeves were certainly *long*-sleeves, as appears from Stowe's *Chronicle*, p.327, tempore Hen. IV. "This time was used exceeding pride in garments, gownes with deepe and broad sleeves commonly called poke sleeves, the set-

round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—*a husband:* an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body: Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a husband?* None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good-morrow, coz.

Beat. Good-morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—*Light o'love;* that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o'love*, with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.[8]

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.[9]

Beat. What means the fool, trow?[1]

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vants ware them as well as their masters, which might well have been called the receptacles of the devil, for what they stole they hid in their sleeves, whereof some hung downe to the feete, and at least to the knees, full of cuts and jagges." REED.

[8] A quibble between *barns*, repositories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children. JOHNSON.

[9] Hamlet uses the same expression, and talks of his *fortune's turning Turk*. *To turn Turk* was a common phrase for a change of opinion. STEE.

[1] To *trow* is to imagine, to conceive. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, the Nurse says: "'Twas no need, I *trow*, to bid me trudge." STEEVENS.

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus,[2] and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'rlady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despight of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

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[2] "*Carduus Benedictus*, or blessed thistle, (says Cogan, in his *Haven of Health*, 1595.) so worthily named for the singular virtues that it hath."—"This herbe may worthily be called *Benedictus*, or *Omnimorbia*, i. e. a salve for every sore. not knowen to physitians of old time, but lately revealed by the speciall providence of Almighty God." STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

Another Room in LEONATO'*s House. Enter* LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.[3]

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*,[4] neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, an 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as

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[3] This is a sly insinuation, that length of years, and the being much *hacknied in the ways of men*, as Shakspeare expresses it, take off the gloss of virtue, and bring much defilement on the manners. For, as a great wit [Swift] says, *Youth is the season of virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest.* WARBURTON.

Much of this is true; but I believe Shakspeare did not intend to bestow all this reflection on the speaker. JOHNSON.

[4] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, the Tinker says, *pocas pallabras*, i.e. few words. A scrap of Spanish, which might once have been current among the vulgar. STEEVENS.

they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:[5]—An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worshipped: All men are not alike; alas good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exe.* LEON. *and Messenger.*

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a *non com:* only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Inside of a Church. Enter Don* PEDRO, *Don* JOHN, LEONATO, *Friar,* CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *&c.*

Leonato.

COME, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

[5] This is not out of place or without meaning. Dogberry, in his vanity of superior parts, apologizing for his neighbour, observes, that *of two men on a horse, one must ride behind.* The *first* place of rank or understanding can belong but to *one,* and that happy *one* ought not to despise his inferior. JOHN

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?
Claud. No.
Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.
Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?
Hero. I do.
Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment[6] why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.
Claud. Know you any, Hero?
Hero. None, my lord.
Friar. Know you any, count?
Leon. I dare make his answer, none.
Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!
Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he![7]
Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?
Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.
Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?
D.Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.
Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:—
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:[8]

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[6] This is borrowed from our Marriage Ceremony, which (with a few slight changes in phraseology) is the same as was used in the time of Shakspeare. DOUCE.

[7] This is a quotation from the *Accidence*. JOHNSON.

[8] i. e. *lascivious*. *Luxury* is the confessor's term for unlawful pleasures of the sex. JOHNSON.

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
Leon. What do you mean, my lord?
Claud. Not to be married,
Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.
Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—
Clau. I know what you would say; If I have known her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;[9]
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?
D.Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?
D.John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. True, O God!
Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is so; But what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power[1]
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

[9] —*chaste as is the bud*—] Before the air has tasted its sweetness. JOH.
[1] i.e. natural power. *Kind* is *nature*. JOHNSON.

With any just reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
D.Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear; Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,[2]
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
D.John. Fie, fie! shey are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.
Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[HERO *swoons.*
Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?
D.John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.
[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, *Don* JOHN, *and* CLAUDIO.
Bene. How doth the lady?
Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!
Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

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[2] *Liberal* here, as in many places of these plays, means *frank beyond honesty*, or *decency*. *Free of tongue.* JOHNSON.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?
Friar. Have comfort, lady.
Leon. Dost thou look up?
Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?[3]—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself, was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!
Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.
Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.
Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,

[3] That is, *the story which her blushes discover to be true.* JOHNSON.

By noting of the lady : I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face ; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes ;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth :—Call me a fool ;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book ; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be :
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury ; she not denies it :
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness ?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of ?[4]

Hero. They know, that do accuse me ; I know none :
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy !—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour ;[5]
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,

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[4] The Friar had just before boasted his great skill in fishing out the truth. And, indeed, he appears by this question to be no fool. He was by, all the while at the accusation, and heard no names mentioned. Why then should he ask her what man she was accused of? But in this lay the subtilty of his examination. For, had Hero been guilty, it was probable that in that hurry and confusion of spirits, into which the terrible insult of her lover had thrown her, she would never have observed that the man's name was not mentioned ; and so, on this question, have betrayed herself by naming the person she was conscious of an affair with. The Friar observed this, and so concluded, that, were she guilty, she would probably fall into the trap he had laid for her.—I only take notice of this to show how admirably well Shakspeare knew how to sustain his characters. WARBURTON.

[5] *Bent* is used by our author for the utmost degree of any passion, or mental quality. In this play before, Benedick says of Beatrice, *her affection has its full bent.* The expression is drawn from archery ; the bow has its *bent* when it is drawn as far as it can be. JOHNSON.

Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.
Leon. I know not ; If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead ;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed :
Maintain a mourning ostentation ;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
Leon. What shall become of this ? What will this do ?
Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :
But not for that, dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd,
Of every hearer : For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value ;[5] then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours :—So will it fare with Claudio :
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed :—then shall he mourn,

[5] i.e. we exaggerate the value. The allusion is to *rack-rents*. STEEV.

(If ever love had interest in his liver,)[6]
And wish he had not so accused her ;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy :
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation,)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you :
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.[7]

Friar. 'Tis well consented ; presently away ;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live : this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd ; have patience, and endure. [*Exe. Friar*, HERO, *and* LEON.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ?[8]

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

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[6] The liver, in conformity to ancient supposition, is frequently mentioned by Shakspeare as the seat of love. Thus Pistol represents Falstaff as loving Mrs. Ford—" with *liver* burning hot." STEEVENS.

[7] This is one of our author's observations upon life. Men overpowered with distress, eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself, is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him. JOHNSON.

[8] The poet, in my opinion, has shown a great deal of address in this scene. Beatrice here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her cousin Hero : and without this very natural incident, considering the character of Beatrice, and that the story of her passion for Benedick was all a fable, she could never have been easily or naturally brought to confess she loved him, notwithstanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, on this confession, in this very place, depended the whole success of the plot upon her and Benedick. For had she not owned her love here, they must have soon found out the trick, and then the design of bringing them together had been defeated ; and she would never have owned a passion she had been only tricked into, had not her desire of revenging her cousin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once. WARBURTON.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here;—There is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that were a man!—What! bear her in hand until

they come to take hands;[9] and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect;[1] a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Prison. Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

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[9] i. e. deluded her by fair promises. STEEVENS.

[1] i. e. a specious nobleman made out of sugar. STEEVENS.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.[2]

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down, Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down, master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Bora. Con. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down, that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already, that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Conr. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale: Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the eftest[3] way:—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down, prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother, villain.

Bora. Master countable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

[2] Blunder for *examination* to *exhibit*. See p. 49: "Take their *examination* yourself, and *bring it me*." STEEVENS.

[3] *Deftly*, i.e. the readiest, most commodious way. Shakspeare, I suppose, designed Dogberry to corrupt this word as well as many others. STEEV.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination.[4] [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in band.[5]

Conr. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down, the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Conr. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down, an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, a officer; and, which is more, a housholder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down, an ass! [*Exeunt.*

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[4] This sexton was an ecclesiastic of one of the inferior orders called the *sacristan*, and not a brother officer. I suppose the book from whence the poet took his subject was some old English novel, translated from the Italian, where the word *sagristano* was rendered *sexton*. WARB.

Dr. Warburton's assertion, as to the dignity of a *sexton* or *sacristan*, may be supported by the following passage in Stanyhurst's Version of the fourth book of the Eneid, where he calls the Massylian priestess,

"——in soil Massyla begotten,
"*Sexton* of Hesperides sinagog." STEEVENS.

[5] Shakspeare commonly uses *band* for *bond*. TYRWHITT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before* LEONATO'*s House. Enter* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Antonio.
IF you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief
Against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Cry,—sorrow, wag![7] and hem, when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

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[6] Read—"And bid him speak *to me* of patience." RITSON.

[7] *Sorrow go by!* is also (as I am assured) a common exclamation of hilarity even at this time, in Scotland. *Sorrow wag!* might have been just such another. The verb *to wag* is several times used by our author in the sense of to *go*, or *pack off*. STEEVENS.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
Leon. I pray thee, peace : I will be flesh and blood ;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently ;
However they have writ the style of gods,[8]
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.[9]
Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.
Leon. There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will do so ;
My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied ;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.
D.Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords,—
D.Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.
Leon. Some haste, my lord !—well, fare you well, my lord :—
Are you so hasty now ?—well, all is one.
D.Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himself with quarreling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claud. Who wrongs him ?
Leon. Marry,
Thou, thou dost wrong me ; thou dissembler, thou :—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear :
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me :
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool ;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,

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[8] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wise men *Sapiens ille cum Diis ex pare vivit.* Senec. Ep. 59. *Jupiter quo antecedit virum bonum ? diutius bonus est. Sapiens nihilo se minoris æstimat.—Deus non vincit sapientem felicitate.* Ep. 73. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare might have used this expression, without any acquaintance with the hyperboles of stoicism. By the *style of gods*, he meant an exalted language ; such as we may suppose would be written by beings superior to human calamities, and therefore regarding them with neglect and coldness. STEE.

[9] Alluding to their famous *apathy*. WARBURTON.

Were I not old : Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by ;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child ;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors :
O ! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of her's, fram'd by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy !

Leon. Thine, Claudio ; thine I say.

D.Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare ;
Despight his nice fence, and his active practice,[1]
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child ;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed :[2]
But that's no matter ; let him kill one first :—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—
Come, follow me, boy ; come, boy, follow me ;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;[3]
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself : God knows, I lov'd my niece ;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains ;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue :
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops !—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content ; What, man ! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh. even to the utmost scruple :

---

[1] i.e. defence, or skill in the science of fencing, or defence. DOUCE.

[2] This *brother Antony* is the truest picture imaginable of human nature. He had assumed the character of a sage to comfort his brother, overwhelmed with grief for his only daughter's affront and dishonour ; and had severely reproved him for not commanding his passion better on so trying an occasion. Yet, immediately after this, no sooner does he begin to suspect that his age and valour are slighted, but he falls into the most intemperate fit of rage himself ; and all he can do or say is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactness of judgment peculiar to Shakspeare. As to the expression, too, of his passion, nothing can be more highly painted. WARB.

[3] *Foining* is a term in fencing, and means *thrusting*. DOUCE.

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter ;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D.Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D.Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?—
Brother, away :—I will be heard ;—

Ant. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it. [*Exe.* LEON. *and* ANT.

Enter BENEDICK.

D.Ped. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior ! what news !

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D.Pedro. Welcome, signior : You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D.Pedro. Leonato and his brother : What think'st thou ? had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee ; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away : Wilt thou use thy wit ?

Bene. It is in my scabbard ; Shall I draw it ?

D.Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side ?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels ; draw, to pleasure us.

D.Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale :—Art thou sick, or angry ?

Claud. What ! courage, man ! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.[4]

D.Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry, indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.[5]

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D.Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D.Ped. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; *True*, says she, *a fine little one*: *No*, said I, *a great wit*; *Right*, says she, *a great gross one*: *Nay*, said I, *a good wit*; *Just*, said she, *it hurts nobody*; *Nay*, said I, *the gentleman is wise*; *Certain*, said she, *a wise gentleman*:[6] *Nay*, said I, *he hath the tongues*; *That I believe*, said she, *for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning*; *There's a double tongue*; *there's two tongues*. Thus did she, an hour together, transshape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D.Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

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[4] An allusion to *tilting*. See note, *As you like it*, Act III. sc. iv. WARB

[5] We have a proverbial speech, "If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle. But I do not know its original or meaning. JOHNSON

Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind, therefore, was a challenge. HOLT WHITE.

[6] Perhaps *wise gentleman* was in that age used ironically, and stood for *silly fellow*. We still call a man deficient in understanding, *a wise-acre*. STE.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden.*

D.Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina; you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

D.Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D.Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D.Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the Watch, with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D.Pedro. But, soft you, let be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, and you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D.Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D.Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D.Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.[7]

D.Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D.Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, while he utter'd it.

D.Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D.Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I first loved it.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter: And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *with the Sexton.*

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

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[7] That is, *one meaning is put into many different dresses*; the Prince having asked the same question in four modes of speech. JOHNSON.

Bora. Yea, even I alone.
Leon. No, not so, villain ; thou bely'st thyself ;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it :—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death ;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds ;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak : Choose your revenge yourself ;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin : Yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.
D.Pedro. By my soul, nor I ;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.
Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible ; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here,
How innocent she died : and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones ; sing it to-night :—
To-morrow morning come you to my house ;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew : my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us ;
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.
Claud. O, noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me !
I do embrace your offer ; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.
Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming ;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.
Bora. No, by my soul, she was not ;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me ;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.
Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under

white and black) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment: And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it;[8] and borrows money in God's name;[9] the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation![1]

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exe.* DOGB. VERG. *and Watch.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D.Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Ex. D.*PEDRO *and* CLAUD.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Ex.*

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[8] There could not be a pleasanter ridicule on the fashion, than the constable's descant on his own blunder. They heard the conspirators satirize the *fashion*; whom they took to be a man surnamed *Deformed*. This the constable applies with exquisite humour to the courtiers, in a description of one of the most fantastical fashions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair, which was brought before and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock*. WARB ——Fynes Moryson, in a very particular account that he has given of the dress of lord Montjoy, (the rival, and afterwards the friend, of Robert, earl of Essex,) says, that his hair was "thinne on the head, where he wore it short, except a *lock under his left eare*, which he nourished in the time of this warre, [the Irish War, in 1599] and being woven up, hid it in his neck under his ruffe." *Itinerary, P.II.* When he was not on service, he probably wore it in a different fashion. MAL.

[9] i.e. as a common beggar. This alludes, with too much levity, to *Prov.* xix. 17: "He that giveth to the poor, *lendeth unto the Lord.*" STEEV.

[1] Such was the customary phrase employed by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses. Dogberry, however, in the present instance, might have designed to say—"God save the *founder*!" STEEV.

SCENE II.

LEONATO'S *Garden.* *Enter* BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.[2]

Mar. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* MARG.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Singing.*

The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.—

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[2] I suppose, that *to give the bucklers* is, *to yield*, or to *lay by all thoughts of defence*, so *clypeum abjicere*. The rest deserves no comment. JOHNSON.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with what I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts disdst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours:[3] if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?——Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wise, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

[3] i.e. When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. The reply is extremely humorous. WARBURTON.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home:[4] it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The inside of a Church. Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and Attendants, with music and tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a scroll.*]

Done to death[5] *by slanderous tongues,*
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb, [Affixing it.
Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;[6]
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:

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[4] *Old,* (I know not why,) was anciently common augmentative in familiar language. *Coil* is bustle, stir. STEEVENS.

[5] This obsolete phrase occurs frequently in our ancient writers. MAL.

[6] *Knight,* in its original signification, means *follower,* or *pupil,* and in this sense may be feminine. JOHNSON.

Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good-night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D.Pedro. Good-morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good-morrow, masters; each his several way.

D.Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in LEONATO'*s House. Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, *Friar, and* HERO.

Friar. Did not I tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me:—You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince ; But what's your will ?
Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage ;—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *with Attendants.*

D.Pedro. Good-morrow to this fair assembly.
Leon. Good-morrow, prince ;—good-morrow, Claudio;
We here attend you ; Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.
[*Exit* ANTONIO.
D. Pedro. Good-morrow, Benedick : Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?
Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull :—
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee ;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the Ladies masked.*

Claud. For this I owe you : here comes other reckonings.
—Which is the lady I must seize upon ?
Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Clau. Why, then she's mine : sweet, let me see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar ;
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife :
[*Unmasking.*

And when you loved, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero?
Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defil'd; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?
Beat. I answer to that name; [*Unmasking.*] What is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. No, no more than reason.
Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived; for they swore you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. No, no more than reason.
Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear, you did.
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.
Beat. They swore, that you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'Tis no such matter:—Then, you do not love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were is a consumption.
Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.— [*Kissing her.*

D.Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do propose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.——For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou would'st have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer: which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play, music.—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.[7]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. Exeunt.*

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[7] The allusion is to the ancient trial by *wager of battel*, in suits both criminal and civil. Of the last trial of this latter kind in England, (which was in the 13th year of Queen Elizabeth,) our author might have read a particular account in Stowe's *Annales*. Henry Nailor, master of defence, was champion for the demandants, Simon Low and John Kyme; and George Thorne for the tenant (or defendant) Thomas Paramourc. The combat was appointed to be fought in Tuthill-fields, and the Judges of the Common Pleas and Serjeants at Law attended. Among other ceremonies Stowe mentions, that "the gauntlet that was cast down by George Thorne was borne before the sayd Nailor, in his passage thro' London, upon a sword's point, and his baston (a *staff* of an ell long, made taper-wise, *tipt with horn*,) with his shield of hard leather, was borne after him," &c. See also Minsheu's *Dict.* 1617, in v. *Combat*; from which it appears that Nailor on this occasion was introduced to the Judges, with "*three solemn conges*," by a very *reverend* person, "Sir Jerome Bowes, ambassador from Queen Elizabeth, into Russia, who carried a red *baston* of an ell long, *tipped with horne*." MAL.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I. Scene II.

Armado. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

OBSERVATIONS.

I HAVE not hitherto discovered any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance. STEEVENS.

As very bad a play as this is, it was certainly Shakspeare's, as appears by many fine master-strokes scattered up and down. And as our author, and Jonson his contemporary, are, confessedly, the two greatest writers in the drama that our nation could ever boast of, this may be no improper occasion to take notice of one material difference between Shakspeare's worst plays, and the other's. Our author owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and Jonson most to his acquired parts and learning. This, if attended to, will explain the difference we speak of. Which is this, that in Jonson's bad pieces, we do not discover the least traces of the author of the *Fox* and *Alchemist*; but, in the wildest and most extravagant notes of Shakspeare, you every now and then encounter strains that recognize their divine composer. And the reason is this, that Jonson owing his chief excellence to art, by which he sometimes strained himself to an uncommon pitch, when he unbent himself had nothing to support him, but fell below all likeness of himself; while Shakspeare, indebted more largely to nature than the other to his acquired talents, could never, in his most negligent hours, so totally divest himself of his genius, but that it would frequently break out with amazing force and splendour. WARBURTON.

In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed, that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden Queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

I suspect that there is an error in the title of this play, which I believe, should be—"*Love's Labours Lost.*" M. MASON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*
BIRON, }
LONGAVILLE, } *lords, attending on the King.*
DUMAIN, }
BOYET, } *lords, attending on the Princess of*
MERCADE, } *France.*
Don ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*
Sir NATHANIEL, *a curate.*
HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*
DULL, *a constable.*
COSTARD, *a clown.*
MOTH, *page to Armado.*
A Forester.

Princess of France.
ROSALINE, }
MARIA, } *ladies ; attending on the Princess.*
KATHARINE, }
JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Officers and others, attendants on the King and Princess

SCENE.—*Navarre.*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it. Enter the King,* BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

King.

LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe;
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:

To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.[1]

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, To live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is past to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please;
I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid:
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

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[1] By *all these* the poet seems to mean, *all these gentlemen*, who have sworn to prosecute the same studies with me. STEEVENS.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely[2] blind the eye-sight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that was it blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.[3]
King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!
Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.
Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhyme.
Long. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,[4]
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
Biron. Well, say I am: why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

---

[2] *Falsely* is here, and in many other places, the same as *dishonestly* or *treacherously*. The whole sense of this jingling declamation is only this, that a man by too close study may read himself blind. JOHNSON.

[3] *The consequence*, says Biron, *of too much knowledge*, is not any real solution of doubts but mere empty *reputation*. That is, *too much knowledge gives only fame, a name which every godfather can give likewise.* JOHNSON.

[4] So *sneaping winds* in *The Winter's Tale*. To *sneap* is to *check*, to *rebuke*. Thus also, Falstaff, "I will not undergo this *sneap*, without reply." STEE.

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows ;[5]
But like of each thing, that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house t' unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out : go home, Biron ; adieu !

Biron. No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay with you :
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And 'bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same ;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame !

Biron. [Reads.] *Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.*—And hath this been proclaim'd ?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.—[Reads.] *On pain of losing her tongue.*—Who devis'd this ?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why ?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.

[Reads.] *Item. If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*
—This article, my liege, yourself must break ;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, and cómplete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father :
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords ? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot ;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should :
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree ;
She must lie here on mere necessity.[6]

---

[5] By *shows* the poet means *Maygames*, at which a *snow* would be very unwelcome and unexpected. it is only a periphrasis for *May*. T. WARTON.

[6] *Lie* here, means *reside* here, in the same sense as an ambassador is said to *lie* lieger. REED.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space:
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—[7]
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes.*
And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions[8] are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?[9]
King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:[1]
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.[2]
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words,[3] fashion's own knight.

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[7] Biron, amidst his extravagancies, speaks with great justness against the folly of vows. They are made without sufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by some unforeseen necessity. They proceed commonly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate of human power. JOHNSON. [8] *Suggestions*—Temptations. JOHNSON.

[9] *Quick recreation*—Lively sport, spritely diversion. JOHNSON.

[1] This passage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely versed in ceremonial distinctions, one who could distinguish in the most delicate questions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakspeare's time, did not signify, at least, did not only signify verbal civility, or phrases of courtesy, but, according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the same manner and on the same principles of speech with *accomplishment*. *Complement* is, as Armado well expresses it, *the varnish of a complete man*. JOHNS.

[2] i. e. I will make a minstrel of him, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories. DOUCE.

[3] i. e. (says an intelligent writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine*,) words newly coined, new from the forge. *Fire new, new off the irons*, and the Scottish expression *bren-new* have all the same origin." STEEVENS.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport; And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow; What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough:[4] but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commend you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.[5]

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

---

[4] i. e. *Thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a constable. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[5] i. e. in the fact. STEEVENS.

A forensick term. A thief is said to be taken with the manner, i. e. *mainour* or *manour*, (for so it is written in our old law books,) when he is apprehended with the thing stolen in his possession. The thing that he has taken was called *mainour*, from the Fr. *manier*, manu tractare. MALONE.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hoarken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—*

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is,—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is yclepted, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden:[6] *There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth.*[7] [*Cost.* Me.] *that unletter'd small-knowing soul,* [*Cost.* Me.] *that shallow vassal,* [*Cost.* Still me.] *which, as I remember, hight Costard,* [*Cost.* O me!] *sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,—*

Cost. With a wench.

King. —*with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.*

---

[6] Ancient gardens abounded with figures of which the lines intersected each other in many directions. STEEVENS.

[7] The base *minnow* of thy mirth, is the contemptible little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakspeare makes Coriolanus characterize the tribunitian insolence of Sicinius, under the same figure:

"———hear you not
"This Triton of the *minnows*?" STEEVENS.

Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst.—But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir, I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed, virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exe. King*, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was ta-

ken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the same. ARMADO'S *House. Enter* ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.[8]

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

---

[8] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell, in his last letter to Henry VIII. prays for the *imp his son.* It is now used only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our author's time it was ambiguous, in which state it suits well with this dialogue. JOHNSON

The word literally means a *graff, slip, scion, or sucker*: and by metonymy comes to be used for a boy or child. The imp, *his son,* is no more than his *infant son.* It is now set apart to signify *young fiends*; as *the devil and his imps.* Dr. Johnson was mistaken in supposing this a word of dignity. It occurs in *The History of Celestina the Faire,* 1596: "—the gentleman had three sonnes, very ungracious *impes,* and of a wicked nature." RITSON.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heatest my blood.—

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him. [*Aside.*

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing-horse will tell you.[9]

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher. [*Aside.*

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid.—Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

---

[9] Bankes's *horse*, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Walter Raleigh (*Hist. of the World, first part* p.178.) says: "If *Banks* had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world: for whosoever was most famous among them, could never master, or instruct any beast as he did his horse." DR. GREY.

Among other exploits of this celebrated beast, it is said that he went up to the top of St. Paul's; and the same circumstance is likewise mentioned in *The Guls Horn-booke*, a satirical pamphlet by Decker, 1609. STEEV.

Ben Jonson hints at the unfortunate catastrophe of both man and horse, which I find happened at Rome, where to the disgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt by order of the pope, for magicians. See Don Zara del Fogo, 12mo. 1660. p. 114. REED.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be

found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well,—

Moth. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. [*Aside.*

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.[1] Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away. [*Ex.* DULL *and* JAQ.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

---

[1] i.e. for the *dairy-maid*. "*Dairy*, says Johnson in his Dictionary, is derived from *day*, an old word for *milk*. In the northern counties of Scotland, a *dairy-maid* is at present termed a *day* or *dey*." *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet. [*Exe.* MOTH *and* COST.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft[2] is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause[3] will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance. Enter the Princess of France,* ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boyet.

NOW, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:

[2] Butt-*shaft*—] i. e. an arrow to shoot at *butts* with. The *butt* was the place on which the mark to be shot at was placed. STEEVENS.

[3] See the last act of *As you like it*, with the notes. JOHNSON.

Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem ;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain ; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues :[4]
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court :
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor :
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Impórtunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

1 *Lord.* Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man ?

Mar. I know him, madam ; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge solémnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville :

---

[4] *Chapman* here seems to signify the *seller*. not, as now commonly, the *buyer*. *Cheap* or *cheaping* was anciently the *market ; chapman* therefore is *marketman*. Th meaning is, that *the estimation of beauty depends not on the* uttering or *proclamation of the seller, but on the eye of the buyer.* JOHN.

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit, to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors in oath,
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,

He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The ladies mask.*

Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wild fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it:[6]
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper.*

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then
To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o'day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

---

[6] The princess shews an inconvenience very frequently attending rash oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON.

Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I begone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,[7]
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.
Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.
Prin. We arrest your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.
King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

---

[7] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently synonymous. STEEN.

King. It shall suffice me : at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee, in every place!
[*Exeunt King and his Train.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says, I.[8]

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No *point*, with my knife.[9]

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Long. I beseech you, a word; What is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard![1]

---

[8] She means to say, *ay*. The old spelling of the affirmative particle has been retained here for the sake of the rhyme. MAL.

[9] No *point* was a negation borrowed from the French. See the note on the same words, Act V. sc. ii. MAL.

[1] That is, may'st thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which suits ill with such idle catches of wit. JOH.

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended :
She is an heir of Falconbridge.
Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [*Exit* LONG.
Biron. What's her name, in the cap?
Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded, or no?
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.
Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!
Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit* BIRON.—*Ladies unmask.*
Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!
Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish the jest?
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*
Mar. Not so, gentle beast :
My lips are no common, though several[2] they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree :
The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.
Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies),
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.
Prin. Your reason?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

[2] A play on the word *several*, which besides its ordinary signification of *separate, distinct*, likewise signifies in uninclosed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the *common* field. MALONE.

Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;[3]
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same. Enter* ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Armado.

WARBLE, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel—[4] [*Singing.*

[3] Although the expression in the text is extremely odd, I take the sense of it to be that *his tongue envied the quickness of his eyes, and strove to be as rapid in its utterance, as they in their perception*—*Edin. Mag.* STEEV.

[4] Here is apparently a song lost. JOHNSON.

I have observed in the old comedies, that the songs are frequently omitted. On this occasion the stage direction is generally—*Here they sing*—or, *Cantant*. Probably the performer was left to choose his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as a part of a new performance. STEEV.

Arm. Sweet air !—Go, tenderness of years ; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither ;[5] I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl ?[6]

Arm. How mean'st thou ? brawling in French ?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids ; sigh a note, and sing a note ; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love ; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love ; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes ; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit ; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting ;[7] and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away : These are complements, these are humours ; these betray nice wenches—that would be betrayed without these ; and make them men of note, (do you note, men ?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience ?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.[8]

Arm Callest thou my love, hobby-horse ?

Moth. No, master ; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love ?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student ! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

---

[5] i. e. hastily. STEEV.

[6] A *brawl* is a kind of dance, and (as Mr. M. Mason observes,) seems to be what we now call a *cotillon*. STEEV.

[7] It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety. STEEV.

[8] In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dressed up representing Maid Marian ; another like a friar ; and another rode on a *hobby-horse*, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the reformation took place, and precisians multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to favour of paganism ; and then Maid Marian, the friar, and the poor *hobby-horse* were turned out of the games. Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the disuse of the *hobby-horse*, no doubt, satirized this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. THEOBALD.

Moth. And out of heart, master : all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove ?

Moth. A man, if I live : and this by, in, and without, upon the instant : By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her : in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her ; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain ; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised ; a horse to be embassador for an ass !

Arm. Ha, ha ! what sayest thou ?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited : But I go.

Arm. The way is but short ; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious ?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow ?

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master ; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so :
Is that lead slow, which is fir'd from a gun ?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric !
He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he :—
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal ; voluble and free of grace !
By thy favour, sweet welkin,[9] I must sigh in thy face :
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *and* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master ; here's a Costard broken in a shin.[1]

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle : come,—thy *l'envoy* ;
—begin.[2]

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[9] *Welkin* is the sky, to which Armado, with the false dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for sighing in its face. JOHNSON.

[1] i. e. a head. STEEV.

[2] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. It was frequently adopted by the ancient English writers. STEEV

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy;* no salve in the mail, sir:[3] O sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen: the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

Arm. No, Page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three,

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose;
Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain; a goose, that's flat:—
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *l'envoy;* ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying, that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain; Thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

---

[3] *Male* or *Mail*, for a packet or bag, was a word then in use. STEE.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?[4]

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that *l'envoy*:—

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant to the country-maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him money.*] for the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I.[5]—Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my in-cony Jew![6] [*Exit Moth.*]—Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

---

[4] *Costard* is the name of a species of apple. JOHNSON.
It has been already observed that the *head* was anciently called the *costard*. So in *King Richard III*: "Take him over the *costard* with the hilt of thy sword." A *costard* likewise signified a *crab-stick*. STEEVENS.

[5] *Sequele*, in French, signifies a great man's train. The joke is, that a single page was all his train. THEOBALD.
Sequelle, by the French, is never employed but in a derogatory sense. They use it to express the *gang* of a highway-man, but not the *train* of a lord; the followers of a rebel, and not the attendants on a general. STEEVENS.

[6] *Incony* or *kony* in the north, signifies, fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. WARB.
There is no such expression in the North as either *kony* or *incony*. The word *canny*, which the people there use, and from which Dr. Warburton's mistake may have arisen, bears a variety of significations. none of which is *fine, delicate*, or applicable to a thing or value. RITSON.

Enter BIRON.

Bir. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[*Gives him money.*

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled,[7] whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

---

[7] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakspeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which represents the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much applauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. In *Isaiah*, iii. 22, we find: "—the mantles, and the *wimples*, and the crisping-pins." STEEV.

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets,[8] king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors,[9]—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,[1]
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,[2]
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*

---

[8] A *placket* is a petticoat. DOUCE.

[9] An *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the Bishop's court, who carries out citations; as citations are most frequently issued for fornication, the *paritor* is put under Cupid's government. JOHNSON.

[1] It appears from Lord Stafford's *Letters*, Vol. II. p. 199. that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-de-camp is now, "in taking and carrying to and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." TYRWHITT.

[2] The following extract is taken from a book, called The *Artificial Clock-Maker*, 1714.—"Clock-making was supposed to have had its beginning in Germany within less than these two hundred years It is very probable that our balance-clocks or watches and some other automata, might have had their beginning there." &c.——To the inartificial construction of these first pieces of mechanism executed in Germany, we may suppose Shakspeare alludes. The clock at Hampton Court, which was set up in 1540, (as appears from the inscription affixed to it) is said to be the first ever fabricated in England. STEEVENS.

"In some towns in Germany, (says Dr. Powel in his *Human Industry*, 8vo. 1661.) there are very rare and elaborate clocks to be seen in their town-halls, wherein a man may read astronomy, and never look up to the skies.—In the town-hall of Prague there is a clock that shows the annual motions of the sun and moon, the names and numbers of the months, days, and festivals of the whole year, the time of the sun rising and setting throughout the year, the equinoxes, the length of the days and nights, the rising and setting of the twelve signs of the Zodiack, &c.—But the town of Strasburgh carries the bell of all other steeples of Germany in this point." These elaborate clocks were probably often "out of frame." MALONE.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same. Enter the Princess,* ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

Princess.

WAS that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
—Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.
—Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise-sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maid's girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.[3]

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:
Break the neck of the wax,[4] and every one give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous; truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king* Cophetua[5] *set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar* Zenelophon; *and he it was*

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[3] i. e. Open this letter. Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*; which signifies both a young fowl and a love letter. The Italians use the same manner of expression, when they call a love-epistle *una pollicetta amorosa.* THEOBALD

[4] Still alluding to the *capon.* JOHNSON.

[5] The ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid, may be seen in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry.* The beggar's name was Penelophon. PERCY.

that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomise in the vulgar*, (*O base and obscure vulgar!*) videlicet, *he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar; The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; on whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry.*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.[6]

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.[7]

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho,[8] and one that makes sport
To the prince and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

[6] These six lines appear to be a quotation from some ridiculous poem of that time. WARBURTON.

[7] A pun upon the word *stile*. MUSGRAVE.

[8] The allusion is to a fantastical character of that time. FARMER. A local allusion employed by a poet like Shakspeare, resembles the mortal steed that drew in the chariot of Achilles. But short services could be expected from either. STEEVENS.

Cost. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord, to which lady?
Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.
Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords, away.—[9]
Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.
[*Exit Princess and Train.*
Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?[1]
Ros. Shall I teach you to know?
Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.
Ros. Why, she that bears the bow. Finely put off!
Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!
Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.
Boyet. And who is your deer?
Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come near.
Finely put on indeed!—
Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.
Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?
Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?
Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever[2] of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.
Ros. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,* [*Singing.*
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.
Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can.
[*Exe.* Ros. *and* Kath.
Cost. But my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!
Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

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[9] Perhaps the Princess said rather,—*Come, ladies, away.* The rest of the scene deserves no care. JOHNSON

[1] It appears that *suitor* was anciently pronounced *shooter.* STEEV. In Ireland, where, I believe much, of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained, the word *suitor* is at this day pronounced by the vulgar as if it were written *shooter.* MALONE.

[2] This was King Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her husband. Mordred the Pict is supposed to have been her paramour. STEEV.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; a mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide o' the bow hand![3] I'faith, your hand is out.
Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.
Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.
Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.
Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.
Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.
Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt* BOYET *and* MARIA.
Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armatho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—
And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola! [*Shouting within. Exit* COST. *running.*

SCENE II.

The same. Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.
Hol.[4] The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—blood;

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[3] i. e. a good deal to the left of the mark; a term still retained in modern archery. DOUCE.

[4] There is very little personal reflection in Shakspeare. Either the virtue of those times, or the candour of our author, has so affected, that his satire is, for the most part, general, and, as himself says:

——his taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—

The place before us seems to be an exception. For by Holofernes is designed a particular character, a pedant and schoolmaster of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small dictionary of that language under the title of A World of Words, which in his epistle dedicatory, he tells us, "is of little less value than Ste-

ripe as a pomewater[5]—who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication—or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather, unletter-

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phens's Treasure of the Greek tongue," the most complete work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls those who criticised his works, "sea-dogs or land-critics; monsters of men if not beasts rather than men; whose teeth are canibals, their toongs adders forks, their lips aspes poison, their eyes basiliskes, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like swordes of Turks, that strive which shall dive deepest into a christian lying bound before them." Well therefore might the mild Nathaniel desire Holofernes to *abrogate scurrility*. His profession too is the reason that Holofernes deals so much in Italian sentences. There is an edition of Love's Labour's Lost, printed in 1598, and said to be presented before her highness this last Christmas. 1597. The next year, 1598, comes out our John Florio, with his World of Words, recentibus odiis; and in the preface, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the stage. "There is another sort of leering curs, that rather snarle than bite, whereof I could instance in one who lighting on a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a Rymer.——Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plaies, and scowre their mouths of Socrates: those very mouths they make to vilifie, shall be the means to amplifie his virtue," &c. Here Shakspeare is so plainly marked out as not to be mistaken. As to the 'sonnet of the gentleman his friend,' we may be assured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very sonnet beginning with—The praiseful princess, &c. in which our author makes Holofernes say, *he will something affect the letter; for it argues facility*. From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that Shakspeare chose for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant of Thubal Holoferne. WARB.

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the satire of Shakspeare is so seldom personal. It is of the nature of personal invectives to be soon unintelligible; and the author that gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere ponit*, destroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and sacrifices the esteem of succeeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the sarcasms which perhaps in our author's time *set the playhouse in a roar*, are now lost among general reflections. Yet whether the character of Holofernes was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithstanding the plausibility of Dr. W's conjecture, inclined to doubt. JOHNS.

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his supposition that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the first affront. "The plaies, says he, that they plaie in England, are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies*; but representations of *histories* without any decorum."—The scraps of Latin and Italian are transcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted so much. FARMER.

[5] A species of apple formerly much esteemed. *Malus carbonaria.* STE.

ed, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo;* 'twas a pricket.[6]

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.[7]
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch[8] set on learning, to see him in a school:
But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;
And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.[9]

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

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[6] In a play called *The Return from Parnassus*, 1666, I find the following account of the different appellations of deer at their different ages:

Amoretto. I caused the keeper to sever the *rascal deer* from the *bucks of the first head.* Now, sir, a *buck* is, the *first* year, a *fawn;* the *second* year, a *pricket;* the *third* year, a *sorrel;* the *fourth* year, a *soare;* the *fifth*, a *buck of the first head;* the *sixth* year, a *compleat buck.* Likewise your *hart* is the *first* year a *calfe;* the *second* year, a *brocket;* the *third* year, a *spade;* the *fourth* year, a *stag;* the *sixth* year, a *hart.* A *roe-buck* is the *first* year, a *kid;* the *second* year, a *gird;* the *third* year, a *hemuse;* and these are your special beasts for chase." STEEV.

[7] The length of these lines was no novelty on the English stage. The Moralities afford scenes of the like measure. JOHNSON.

[8] The meaning is, to be in a school would ill become a *patch*, or low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.

[9] i.e. the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as when you use the name of Cain. WARBURTON.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L![5]
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw,[6] look how he claws him with a talent.[7]

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater;* and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable,[8] I

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[5] We should read,—*of sore L;*—alluding to L being the numeral for fifty. WARB.

[6] In our author's time the *talon* of a bird was frequently written *talent*. Hence the quibble here, and in Twelfth Night, "let them use their *talents*." MALONE.

[7] Honest Dull quibbles. One of the senses of to *claw*, is to flatter. STEE.

[8] Of this *double entendre*, despicable as it is, Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themselves in their unsuccessful comedy called Three Hours After Marriage. STEEV.——*Capable* is used equivocally. One of its senses was *reasonable;* endowed with a ready capacity to learn. The other wants no explanation. MAL.

will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*: a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good-morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on.[9] And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master school-master, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ.*

Ruminat,—and so forth.[1] Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!

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[9] So in Holinshed, p.953, "Garrard was *person* of Honie-lane." I believe, however, we should write the word—pers-*one*. The same play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of Falstaff. STEEV.——The words *one* and *on* were, I believe, pronounced nearly alike, at least in some counties. in our author's time; the quibble, therefore, that Mr. Steevens has noted, may have been intended as the text now stands. In the same style afterwards Moth says: "Offer'd by a child to an old man, which is *wit-old*." *Person*, as Sir W. Blackstone observes in his Commentaries, is the original and proper term; *Persona* ecclesiæ. MALONE.

[1] Though all the editions concur to give this speech to sir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeniously observed to me, it is evident it must belong to *Holofernes*. The curate is employed in reading the letter to himself; and while he is doing so, that the stage may not stand still, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating some verse by heart form Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptista Spagnolus, sirnamed Mantuanus from the place of his birth, was a writer of poems, who flourished towards the latter end of the 15th century. THEO.

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider.—But damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.[2]

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.

—Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exe.* COST. *and* JAQ.

[2] Shakspeare forgot himself in this passage. Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said, just before, that the letter had been sent to her from Don Armatho, and given to her by Costard. M. MASON.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours.[3] But, to return to the verses; did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society, (saith the text,) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. —Sir, [*To Dull.*] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the same. Enter BIRON, *with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: They have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch;[4] pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; I'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*Gets up into a tree.*

[3] That is, specious, or fair seeming appearances. JOHNSON.

[4] Alluding to lady Rosaline's complexion, who is through the whole play represented as a black beauty. JOHNSON.

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ah me!

Biron. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I'faith secrets.—

King. [Reads.] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop, but as a coach, doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through thy grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*Steps aside.*

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear!

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Why, he comes in a like perjure, wearing papers.[5]

King. [*Aside.*] In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. [*Asi.*] One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:
Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

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[5] The punishment of perjury is to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime. JOHNSON.

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.
Biron. [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.[6]
Long. This same shall go.— [*He reads the sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein,[7] which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o'the way.

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Stepping aside.*
Biron. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play:[8]
Like a demi-god, here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!
Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. O most profane coxcomb! [*Aside.*
Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Bir. By earth, she is but corporal;[9] there you lie. [*Asi.*
Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.[1]

[6] *Slops* are large and wide-knee'd breeches, the garb in fashion in our author's days, as we may observe from old family pictures. THEO.

[7] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. JOHNS.

[8] *All hid, All hid,*—The children's cry at *hide and seek*. MUSGRAVE.

[9] The word *corporal* in Shakspeare's time, was used for *corporeal*. MAL.

[1] To *cote* is to outstrip, to overpass.——The beauty of *amber* consists in its variegated *cloudiness*, which *Dumain* calls *foulness*. The hair of his mistress in varied shadows exceeded those of amber. STEEVENS.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Asi.*
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*
Dum. As fair as day.
Bir. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [*Asi.*
Dum. O that I had my wish!
Long. And I had mine! [*Aside.*
King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aside.*
Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word? [*Aside.*
Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then incision[2]
Would let her out in saucers; Sweet misprision! [*Aside.*
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aside.*

Dum. *On a day, (alack the day!)*
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so![3]
But alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom even Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.—

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

---

[2] It was the fashion among the young gallants of that age, to stab themselves in the arms, or elsewhere, in order to drink their mistress's health, or write her name in their blood, as a proof of their passion. M. MASON.

[3] Perhaps we may better read,—*Ah! would I might, &c.* JOHNS.

O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society: [*Advancing.*
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken knapping so.

King. Come, sir, [*Advancing.*] you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To* LONG.
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*To* DUMAIN.
What will Birón say, when that he shall hear
A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did swear?
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:
[*Descends from the tree.*
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat![4]
To see great Hercules whipping a gigg,
And profound Solomon to tune a jigg,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys![5]—
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain:—
And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?—
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow, I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the King!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

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[4] Mr. Tollet seems to think this contains an allusion to *St. Matthew*, xxiii. 24, where the metaphorical term of *a gnat* means a thing of least importance, or what is proverbially small. STEEV.

Biron is abusing the King for his sonnetting like a minstrel, and compares him to a *gnat*, which always sings as it flies. M. MASON.

[5] *Critic* and *Critical* are used by our author in the same sense as *cynic* and *cynical*. Iago, speaking of the fair sex declares he is *nothing if not critical*. STEEV.

King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*
Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[*Picks up the pieces.*
Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were born to do me shame.— [*To* COSTARD.
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four:—
Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, sirs; away.
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.
[*Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQ.
Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood will not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands, must we be forsworn.
King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.[6]
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.[7]
Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,[8]
Should ravish doters with a false aspéct;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;

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[6] Something like this is a stanza of sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the insertion:

"You meaner beauties of the night,
"That poorly satisfy our eyes
"More by your number than your light,
"You common people of the skies,
"What are you when the sun shall rise?" JOHNSON.

[7] In heraldry, a *crest* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakspeare therefore assumes the liberty to use it in a sense equivalent to *top* or *utmost height*, as he has used *spire* in *Coriolanus*. TOLLET.

[8] *Usurping hair* alludes to the fashion, which prevailed among ladies in our author's time, of wearing false hair or *periwigs*, as they were then called, before that kind of covering for the head was worn by men. MAL.

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
King. 'Twere good, your's did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see. [*Showing his shoe.*
Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.
King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Birón, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets,[9] how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—
Have at you then, affection's men at arms:[1]
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book:
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

[9] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this, in the French pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *qui'il-est*;—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer. WARB.

[1] *A man at arms*, is a soldier armed at all points both offensively and defensively. It is no more than, *Ye soldiers of affection*. JOHNS.

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;[1]
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too, the causer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?[2]
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;[3]
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?[4]
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;[5]
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

[1] In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves. WARB.

[2] i.e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any author. JOH.

[3] i.e. our true *books* from which we derive most information;—the *eyes* of women. MAL.

[4] *Numbers* are, in this passage, nothing more than *poetical measures*. 'Could you,' says Biron, 'by solitary contemplation have attained such poetical fire, such spritely numbers, as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty?' JOH.

[5] As we say, *keep* the house, or *keep* their bed. M. MASON.

When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd ;[6]
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;[7]
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.[8]
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs ;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :
Then fools you were these women to forswear ;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word, that all men love ;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths :
It is religion to be thus forsworn :
For charity itself fulfils the law ;
And who can sever love from charity ?

King. Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords ;
Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advis'd,

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[6] i. e. A lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey. WARB.

[7] This expression, like that other in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, of

Orpheus' harp was strung with poet's sinews,

is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. Apollo, as the sun, is represented with golden hair ; so that a lute strung with his hair, means no more than strung with gilded wire. WARB.

[8] The meaning is, whenever love speaks all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert. HEATH.——For *makes*, read *make*. See the sacred writings : "The *number* of the *names* together *were* about an hundred and twenty." *Acts* i. 15. MAL.

In conflict that you get the sun of them.[9]
Long. Now to plain dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?
King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.
Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Bir. Allons! Allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;[1]
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same. Enter* HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Holofernes.

SATIS quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious;[2] pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,[3] audacious without

[9] In the days of archery, it was of consequence to have the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This circumstance was of great advantage to our Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt.—Our poet, however, I believe, had also an equivoque in his thoughts. MAL.

[1] This proverbial expression intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falshood. WARB.

[2] I know not well what degree of respect Shakspeare intends to obtain for his vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to his character of the school-master's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.——It may be proper just to note, that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies *discourse*; and that *audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident. Opinion* is the same with *obstinacy* or *opiniatrete.* JOHNS.

[3] I. e. without affectation. STEEV.

impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te : His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked,[4] too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and *point-devise* companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable[5] (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus deo, bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone?—bone, for *benè: Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, & gaudeo.

Arm. Chirra! [*To* MOTH.

Hol. Quare Chirra, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [*To* COSTARD *aside.*

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[4] To have the beard *piqued* or shorn so as to end in a point, was, in our author's time, a mark of a traveller affecting foreign fashions. JOHN.

Piqued may allude to the length of the shoes then worn. Bulwer says,—"We weare our forked shoes almost as long again as our feete, not a little to the hindrance of the action of the foote; and not only so, but they prove an impediment to reverentiall devotion, for our bootes and shooes are so long snouted, that we can hardly kneele in God's house." STEEV.

I believe *picked* (for so it should be written) signifies *nicely drest* in general, without reference to any particular fashion of dress. It is a metaphor taken from birds, who dress themselves by *picking out* or *pruning* their broken or superfluous feathers. TYRWHITT.

[5] *Abhominable,*—Thus the word is constantly spelt in the old moralities and other antiquated books. STEEV.

Cost. O, they have lived long in the alms-baskets of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*:[7] thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.[8]

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [*To* HOL.] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis*, *quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.[9]

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit: snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà*; A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from

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[6] The refuse meat of families was put into a *basket* in our author's time, and given to the poor. MALONE.

[7] This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known. JOHNSON.

[8] A *flap-dragon* is a small inflammable substance, which topers swallow in a glass of wine STEEV.

[9] By O, U, Moth would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the sheep still, either way; no matter which of us repeats them. THEOBALD.

the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?[1]

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head;[2]—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio:[3] but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck,[4] with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate, and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies. Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the *posterior* of this day, to be render'd by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most

[1] The charge-house—I suppose, is the *free-school*. STEEVENS.

[2] By "remember thy courtesy," I suppose Armado means—"remember that all this time thou art standing with thy hat off." STEEV.

[3] The author calls the beard *valour's excrement* in The Merchant of Venice. JOHNSON.

[4] i. e. chicken; an ancient term of endearment. STEEV.

gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry: *well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, good man Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the same. Before the Princess's pavilion. Enter Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax;[5]
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.
Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.
Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.
Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not,—O that's, you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit[6] well play'd.
But Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin. Any thing like?
Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils![7] How? let me not die your debtor,

[5] To *wax* anciently signified to *grow*. It is yet said of the moon, that she *waxes* and *wanes*. STEEVENS.

[6] A term from tennis. STEEVENS.

[7] Rosaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Katharine for painting. JOHNSON.

My red dominical, my golden letter.
O, that your face were not so full of O's!
Kath. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!
Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.
Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less: Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Birón I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;
And shape his service wholly to my behests;
And make him proud to make me proud that jests![8]
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.[9]
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool:[1] folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

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[8] The meaning of this obscure line seems to be, "I would make him proud to flatter me who make a mock of his flattery." *Edin. Mag.* STEEV.

[9] In old farces, to show, the inevitable approaches of death and destiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid Death or *Fate*; which very stratagems as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of *Fate*. To this Shakspeare alludes again in *Measure for Measure*:

——"merely thou art *Death's Fool*;
"For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
"And yet runn'st towards him still"— WARBURTON.

Until some proof be brought of the existence of such characters as *Death* and the *Fool*, in old farces, (for the mere assertion of Dr. Warburton is not to be relied on,) this passage must be literally understood, independently of any particular allusion. The old reading might probably mean—"so *scoffingly* would I o'ersway," &c. DOUCE.

[1] These are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention. JOHNS.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?
Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid![2] What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, *an angel shalt thou see;*
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder

[2] Johnson censures the Princess for invoking with so much levity the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid; but that was not her intention. Being determined to engage the King and his followers, she gives for the word of battle St Dennis, as the King, when he was determined to attack her, had given for the word of battle *St. Cupid:*
"*Saint Cupid* then, and, soldiers, to the field." M. MASON.

One rubb'd his elbow, thus: and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*
The third he caper'd and cried, *All goes well:*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,[3]
To check their folly, passions solemn tears.
Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,[4]
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.
Prin. And will they so? the gallant shall be task'd:
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
—Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.
Ros. Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.
Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,

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[3] The *spleen* was anciently supposed to be the cause of laughter. STEE.

[4] A mask of Muscovites was no uncommon recreation at court long before our author's time. In the first year of King Henry the Eighth, at a banquet made for the foreign embassadors in the parliament-chamber at Westminster: "came the lorde Henry, Earl of Wiltshire, and the lorde Fitzwater, in twoo long gounes of yellowe satin travarsed with white satin, and in every ben of white was a bend of crimosen satin after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havyng an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up." *Hall. Henry VIII.* p. 6. This extract may serve to convey an idea of the dress used upon the present occasion by the King and his Lords at the performance of the play. RITSON.

With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?
Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.
Boy. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpets sound within.*
Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come. [*The ladies mask.*

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits, and masked;* MOTH, *Musicians, and Attendants.*

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!
Boyet. Beauties, no richer than rich taffata.[5]
Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
[The ladies turn their backs to him.
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!
Biron. Their eyes, villain, *their eyes.*
Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views! Out—
Boyet. True; *out,* indeed.
Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe Not to behold—
Biron. Once to behold, rogue.
Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes, —with your sun-beamed eyes—
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.
Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.
Boyet. What would you with the princess?

[5] i. e. the taffata masks they wore to conceal themselves. THEO.

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?
Boyet. Nothing, but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Boyet. She says you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.
Boy. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.[6]
Ros. It is not so: ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
Boyet. If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our wat'ry eyne.[7]
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moon shine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change:
Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon.
[*Music plays.*
Not yet:—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

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[6] The measures were dances solemn and slow. They were performed at court, and at public entertainments of the societies of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occasions. It was formerly not deemed inconsistent with propriety even for the gravest persons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unusual for the first characters in the law to become performers in *treading the measures*. See Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*. REED.

[7] When Queen Elizabeth asked an embassador how he liked her ladies, 'It is hard,' said he, 'to judge of stars in the presence of the sun.' JOH.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?
Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's chang'd.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.
King. Why take we hands then?
Ros. Only to part friends:—
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves; What buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Ros. In private then.
King. I am best pleas'd with that.
[*They converse apart.*
Bir. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice)
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey;—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu!
Since you can cog,[8] I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet. [*They converse apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,

[8] To *cog*, signifies *to falsify the dice*, and *to falsify a narrative*, or to *lie*. JOHNSON.

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*
Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.
[*They converse apart.*
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
[*Exe. King, Lords,* MOTH, *Music, and Attendants.*
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
Ros. Well-liking wits[9] they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Birón did swear himself out of all suit.
Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword;

[9] *Well-liking* is the same as *embonpoint*. So, in *Job* xxxix. 4: "Their young ones are in *good liking*." STEEVENS.

No *point*, quoth I:[1] my servant straight was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.[2]
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.[3]

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[1] *Point* in French is an adverb of negation; but, if properly spoken, is not sounded like the point of a sword. A quibble, however, is intended. From this and the other passages it appears, that either our author was not well acquainted with the pronunciation of the French language, or it was different formerly to what it is at present. The former supposition appears to me much the more probable of the two. MALONE.

[2] This line is not universally understood, because every reader does not know that a statute-cap is part of the academical habit Lady Rosaline declares that her expectation was disappointed by these courtly students, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education. JOH.

Woollen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of Queen Elizabeth. "Besides the bills passed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amiss to be taken notice of—it concerned the Queen's care for employment for her poor sort of subjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers; providing, that all above the age of six yeares, (except the nobility and some others) should on *sabbath days* and *holy days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drest in England, upon penalty of ten groats." Strype's Annals of Queen Elizabeth, Vol. II. p. 74. GREY.

This act may account for the distinguishing mark of Mother *Red-cap*. STE.

The king and his lords probably wore *hats* adorned with feathers. So they are represented in the print affixed to this play in Mr. Rowe's edition, probably from some stage tradition. MAL.

[3] *Ladies unmask'd*, says Boyet, *are* like *angels vailing clouds*, or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness, sink from before them. JOH.

Holinshed says, "The Britains began to *avale* the hills where they had lodged," i.e. they began to descend the hills. If Shakspeare uses the word

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
[*Exe. Prin.* ROS. KATH. *and* MAR.

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?
Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*
Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels,[4] meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly;[5] and, in ushering,

---

vailing in this sense, the meaning is—Angels descending from clouds which concealed their beauties. TOLLET.

To *avale* comes from the Fr. *aval.* term de bateller. STEEVENS.

[4] *Waes heal,* that is, be of health, was a salutation first used by the Lady Rowena to King Vortiger. Afterwards it became a custom in villages, on new year's eve and twelfth night, to carry a *wassel* or *waissail* bowl from house to house, which was presented with the Saxon words above mentioned. Hence in process of time *wassel* signified intemperance in drinking, and also a meeting for the purpose of festivity. MAL.

[5] The *mean* in music is the tenor. So Bacon: "The treble cutteth the air so sharp, as it returneth too swift to make the sound equal; and therefore a mean or tenor is the sweetest." STEEV.

Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales bone;[6]
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princess, usher'd by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, *and Attendants.*

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?
King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking-cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;

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[6] *As white as whales bone* is a proverbial comparison in the old poets. Skelton joins the *whales bone* with the brightest precious stones, in describing the position of Pallas. T WARTON.

It should be remember'd that some of our ancient writers supposed *ivory* to be part of the bones of a whale. STEEV.

This *white whale his bone*, now superseded by ivory, was the tooth of the *Horse-whale*, Morse, or Walrus, as appears by King Alfred's preface to his Saxon translation of *Orosius*. HOLT WHITE.

A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam? Russians?
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
My lady, (to the manner of the days,)
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted here with four,
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet[7]
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye,—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.
Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you less.
Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.
King. We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?
Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?—
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

[7] This is a very lofty and elegant compliment. JOHNSON.

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:
Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles,[8] spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them: and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans SANS, I pray you.[9]

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*,[1] on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?[2]

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

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[8] A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Autolycus says: "I have worn *three-pile*." STEEV.

[9] i. e. *without sans*; without French words: an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the last line of his speech, though just before he had *forsworn* all *affectation* in phrases, terms, &c. TYRWHITT.

[1] This was the inscription put upon the door of the houses infected with the plague, to which Biron compare the love of himself and his companions; and pursuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewise on the ladies. The tokens of the plague are the first spots or discolourations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON.

[2] That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process? The jest lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, which signifies, to *prosecute by law*, or to *offer a petition*. JOHNSON.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?[3]
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.[4]
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give,
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
To dash it, like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,[5]

[3] i. e. acting with sufficient deliberation. STEEV.

[4] *You force not*, is the same with, *you make no difficulty*. This is a very just observation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance. JOHNS.

[5] A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew, a gross mimick. STEEV.

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight,[6] some Dick,
—That smiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is:—And might not you [*To* BOYET.
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,[7]
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;[8]
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.—

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it is not so:
You cannot beg us, sir,[9] I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, three times thrice, sir,—

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[6] See a few lines below:
"And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
"Holding a *trencher*,"—&c. MAL.

[7] From *esquierre*, French, a *rule*, or *square*. The sense is nearly the same as that of the proverbial expression in our own language, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her so long that he can persuade her to what he pleases. HEATH.

[8] i. e. you may say what you will; you are a licensed fool, a common jester. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:
"There is no slander in an *allow'd* fool." WARB.

[9] That is, we are not fools; our next relations cannot *beg* the wardship of our persons and fortunes. One of the legal tests of a *natural* is to try whether he can number. JOHNS.

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man,—e'en one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.[1]

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit* COST.

King. Birón, they will shame us, let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[ARMADO *converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical;

[1] This is a stroke of satire which, to this hour, has lost nothing of its force. Few performers are solicitous about the history of the character they are to represent. STEEV.

too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit*.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.
And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—
Abate a throw at novum;[2] and the whole world again,
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.
[*Seats brought for the King, Princess, &c.*

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.[3] *Enter* COSTARD *arm'd, for* POMPEY.

Cost. I Pompey am,——

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,——

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.[4]

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[2] I suppose the meaning is, Except or put the chance of the dice out of the question, and the world cannot produce five such as these. *Abate*, from the Fr. *abatre*. MALONE.

[3] In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 31, is "The order of a showe intended to be made Aug. 1, 1621"

"First, 2 wood men, &c.

"St. George fighting with the dragon.

"The 9 worthies in compleat armour with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his esquires to beare before him his shield and penon of armes dressed according as these lords were accustomed to be: 3 Assaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Christians.

"After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deedes of the 9 worthye women.

Such a pageant as this, we may suppose it was the design of Shakpeare to ridicule. STEEVENS.

"This sort of procession was the usual recreation of our ancestors at Christmas and other festive seasons. Such things, being chiefly plotted and composed by ignorant people, were seldom committed to writing, at least with the view of preservation, and are of course rarely discovered in the researches of even the most industrious antiquaries. And it is certain that nothing of the kind (except the speeches in this scene, which were intended to burlesque them) ever appeared in print" This observation belongs to Mr. Ritson, who has printed a genuine specimen of the poetry and manner of this rude and ancient drama, from an original manuscript of Edward the Fourth's time. (Tanner's MSS. 407.) REED.

[4] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually by way of ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head. WARBURTON.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir;—*Pompey surnam'd the great;*
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.

If your ladyship would say, *Thanks, Pompey*, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, *great.*

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL *arm'd, for Alexander.*

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.

Boyet. Your nose says no, you are not; for it stands too right.[6]

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costárd.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir, [*To* NATH.] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool,[7] will be given to A-jax:[8] he will

[6] It should be remembered to relish this joke, that the head of Alexander was placed obliquely on his shoulders. STEEVENS.

[7] This alludes to the arms given in the old history of the *Nine Worthies*, to "Alexander, the which did beare geules, a lion, or *seiante in a chayer*, holding a battle-ax argent." Leigh's Accidence of Armory, 1597. TOLLET.

[8] There is a conceit of *Ajax* and *a jakes*. JOHNSON.

be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. *retires.*] —There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas, you see, how 'tis;— a little o'erparted:[9]—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES *arm'd, for Judas, and* MOTH *arm'd, for Hercules.*

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:
Quoniam, *he seemeth in minority;*
Ergo, *I come with this apology.*—
Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish. [*Exit* MOTH.

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—
Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'dJudas?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.[1]

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[9] That is, the *part* or character allotted to him in this piece is too considerable. MAL.

[1] i. e. a soldier's powder-horn. STEEV.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer: And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False; we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go. And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away.
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.
Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO *arm'd, for Hector.*

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.
Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. Hector was but a Trojan[2] in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this Hector?
Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.
Long. His leg is too big for Hector.
Dum. More calf, certain.
Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.
Biron. This cannot be Hector.
Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*[3] *Gave Hector a gift,*—
Dum. A gilt nutmeg.
Biron. A lemon,—
Long. Stuck with cloves.

---

[2] A *Trojan*, I believe, was in the time of Shakspeare, a cant term for a *thief*. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. "Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of." &c. STEEV. [3] i. e. of lance-men. STEEV.

[4] An orange *stuck with cloves* appears to have been a common new-year's gift. A *gilt nutmeg* is mentioned by Ben Jonson as a present on the same occasion. The use, however, of an *orange*, &c. may be ascertained from *The Second Booke of Notable Thinges*, by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. l: "Wyne wyll be pleasant in taste and savour if an *orenge* or a *Lymon* (stickt round about with *Cloaves*) be hanged within the vessell that it touche not the wyne. And so the wyne wyll be preserved from foystines and evyll savour." STEEV.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [*To the Princess.*] bestow on me the sense of hearing. [BIRON *whispers* COSTARD.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—More Atès, more Atès;[5] stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

---

[5] That is, more instigation. Ate was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed. JOHNSON.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.[6]

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen:[7] since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that a' wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring

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[6] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey. JOHNSON.

[7] This may possibly allude to a story well known in our author's time, to this effect:—A Spaniard at Rome falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his best services. The dying man told him he had but one request to make him, but conjured him, by the memory of their past friendship, punctually to comply with it, which was, not to suffer him to be stript, but to bury him as he lay in the habit he then had on. When this was promised, the Spaniard closed his eyes, and expired with great composure and resignation. But his friend's curiosity prevailing over his good faith, he had him stript, and found, to his great surprise, that he was without a shirt. WARB.

To *go woolward*, I believe was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. Skinner derives *woolward* from the Saxon wol, *plague*, secondarily *any great distress*, and weard, *toward*. Thus, says he, it signifies, "*in magno discrimine & expectatione magni mali constitutus.*" I rather think it should be written *woolward*, and that it means *clothed in wool*, and *not in linen*. T. WARTON.

Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:[8]
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief:
—And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—

[8] *Liberal— Free to excess.* STEEV.

As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make:[9] Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: We to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both:—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the embassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time:[1]
But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,

---

[9] That is, *tempted* us. JOHNSON.

[1] This line is obscure. *Bombast* was a kind of loose texture not unlike what is now called *wadding*, used to give the dresses of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increase of weight; whence the same name is given to a tumour of words unsupported by solid sentiment. The princess, therefore, says, that they considered this courtship as but *bombast*, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, might be thrown away at pleasure. JOHNSON.

Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts;
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then, my heart is in thy breast.

[*Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank;
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.[2]]

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife!—a beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord;—a twelve-month and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

---

[2] These six verses both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think should be expunged; and, therefore I have put them between crotchets: not that they were an interpolation, but as the author's draught, which he afterwards rejected, and executed the same thought a little lower with much more spirit and elegance. THEOBALD.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Ros. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,[3]
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.
Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befal what will befal,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.[4]

---

[3] *Dear* should here, as in many other places, be *dere*, sad, odious. JOH.

[4] The characters of *Biron* and *Rosaline* suffer much by comparison with those of *Benedick* and *Beatrice* We know that *Love's Labour's Lost* was the elder performance; and as our author grew more experienced in dramatic writing, he might have seen how much he could improve on his own originals. To this circumstance, perhaps, we are indebted for the more perfect comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing*. STEEVENS.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord ; and so I take my leave.
[*To the King.*

King. No, madam : we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector ?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave : I am a votary ; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla ! approach.—

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter ; this Ver, the spring ; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring. *When daisies pied, and violets blue,*
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds[5] *of yellow hue,*
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo ;

---

[5] Gerard, in his *Herbal*, 1597, says, that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c. are called "in English *cuckoo-flowers*, in Norfolk *Canterbury-bells*, and at *Nampwich* in Cheshire *ladie-smocks*" Shakspeare, however, might not have been sufficiently skilled in botany to be aware of this particular

Mr Tollet has observed, that Lyte in his *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *cowslips* are in French, of some called *coquu*, primeverc, and brayes de *coquu*. This, he thinks, will sufficiently account for our author's *cuckoo-buds*, by which he supposes *cowslip-buds* to be meant. STEEV.

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,*[6]
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,[7]
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel[8] *the pot.*

---

[6] i. e. from the eaves of the thatch or other roofing, from which in the morning icicles are found depending in great abundance, after a night of frost. Our author (whose images are all taken from nature) has alluded in *The Tempest*, to the drops of water that after rain flow from such coverings, in their natural unfrozen state:

"His tears run down his beard, like *winter's dr*
"*From eaves of reeds.*" MAL.

[7] So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III:

"What time *the sh pherd, blowing of his nails,*
"Can neither call it perfect day or night." MAL.

[8] This word is yet used in Ireland, and signifies to *scum the pot.* GOLDSMITH.

Keel the pot. i. e. cool the pot: "The thing is, they mix their thicking of oatmeal and water, which they call *blending the litting* (or *lithing,*) and put it in the pot, when they set it on, because when the meat, pudding and turnips are all in, they cannot so well mix it, but 'tis apt to go into lumps; yet this method of theirs renders the pot liable to boil over at the first rising, and every subsequent increase of the fire; to prevent which it becomes necessary for one to attend to cool it occasionally, by lading it up frequently with a ladle, which they call *keeling the pot,* and is indeed a greasy office." *Gent. Mag.* 1760. This account seems to be accurate. RITSON.

To *keel* signifies to *cool* in general, without any reference to the kitchen. Mr. Lambe observes, in his notes on the ancient metrical History of *The Battle of Floddon,* that it is a common thing in the North "for a maid ser-

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,[9]
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs[1] *hiss in the bowl,*
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.—You, that way; we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*

---

vant to take out of a boiling pot a *wheen*, i. e. a small quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out, is called the *keeling wheen*. In this manner greasy Joan keeled the pot.

"Gie me beer, and gie me grots,
"And lumps of beef to swum abeen;
"And ilka time that I stir the pot,
"He's hae frae me the *keeling wheen*." STEEV.

[9] *Saw* seems anciently to have meant, not as at present, a proverb, a sentence, but the whole tenor of any instructive discourse. STEEVENS.

Yet in *As you like it*, our author uses this word in the sense of a sentence, or maxim: "Dead shepherd, now I find thy *saw* of might," &c. It is, I believe, so used here. MAL.

[1] i. e. the wild apples so called. STEEVENS.

The bowl must be supposed to be filled with ale; a toast and some spice and sugar being added, what is called *lamb's wool* it produced. MAL.

END OF VOL. II.

MUNROE & FRANCIS'S
Third Edition.

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